







Rebecca S. Nichols.

SONS OF THE FLEET

AND

THE HEARTH STONE.



BY

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.



SONGS OF THE HEART

AND

THE HEARTH-STONE.

BY

MRS. REBECCA S. NICHOLS.



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TO
NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, ESQ.;

THE EARNEST FRIEND OF LITERATURE, AND GENEROUS PATRON OF THE ARTS,

THIS VOLUME

IS CORDIALLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND,

R. S. N.

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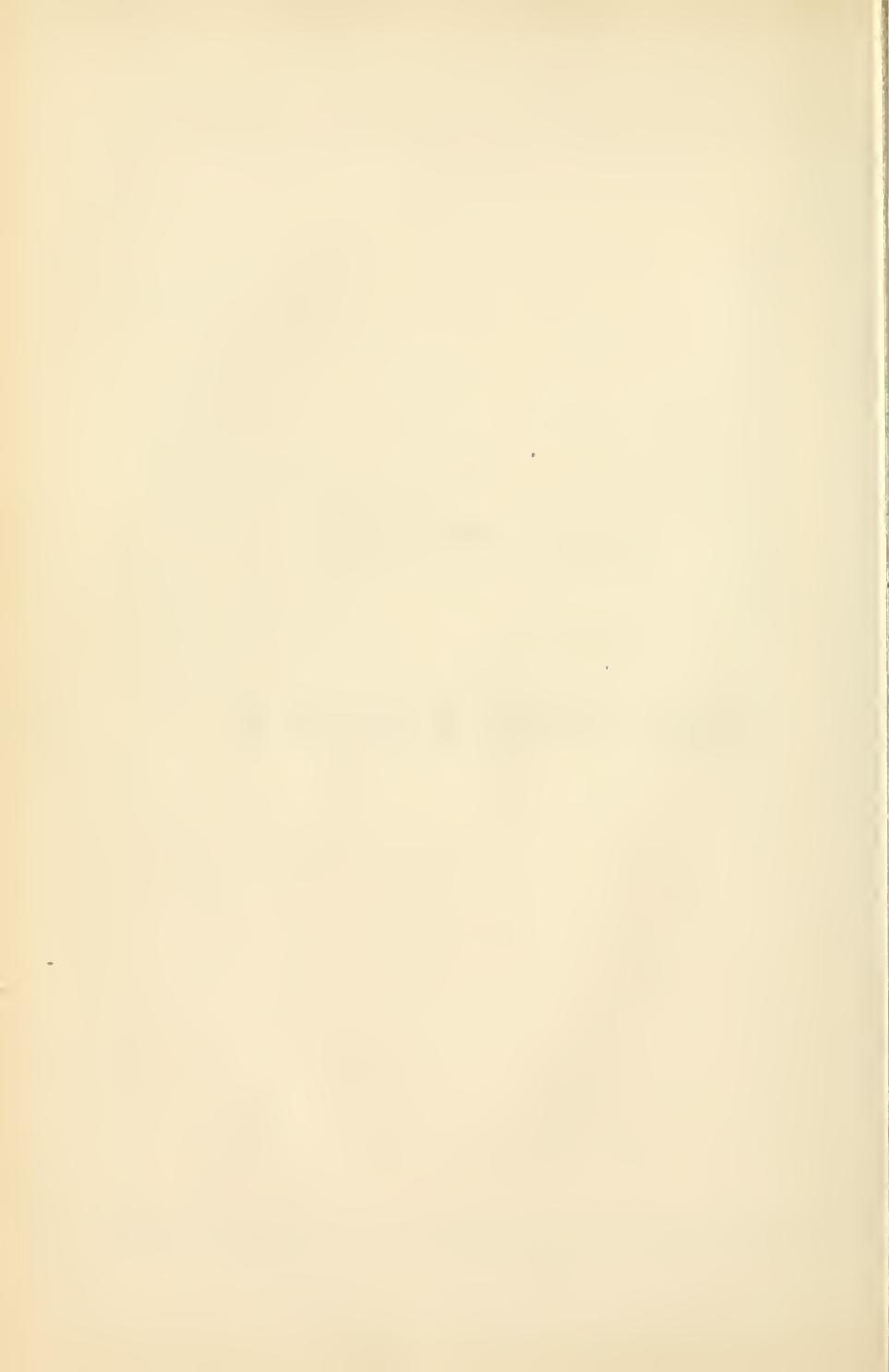
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SONGS OF THE HEART

AND

THE HEARTH-STONE.



POEMS.

THE POET'S ISLE.

ALL night long, my soul is haunted
By a dream of other days—
Of a flowery Isle, enchanted,
Hidden from the fierce sun's rays;
Lighted by the softened splendor
Of a holy, harvest moon,
And the saint-like eyes, so tender,
Glowing at the midnight noon.

In this green and blooming island,
Cluster sweets of every clime;
All the charms of vale, and highland,
Ripening with the breath of Time:

Fruits of mellow gold, the brightest,
Hang on branches drooping low;
Birds of song, with plumes the whitest,
Drift like snow-flakes to and fro.

Wind-harps swing in every blossom,
And each viewless, wandering air,
Cradled on the Ocean's bosom,
Hastes to waken music there:
Grasses long, transparent, waving—
Mosses, thick with buds inlaid,
When my soul repose is craving,
Woo me to their velvet shade.

Round about, the waves are flowing,
Murmuring wonders of the deep—
Of the coral forests, growing
Where the emerald ivies creep:—
Of the lamp-like jewels, shining
In the fretted, sea-washed halls,
And the rainbow-shells entwining,
Garlanding the crystal walls.

Many a song like this they've sung me
In the old enchanted hours,
Ere Life's serpent-woes had stung me,
Couched amid love's purple flowers!

Many a song, of wondrous sweetness,
Which my heart can ne'er forget,
Bearing with their dream-like fleetness,
My most passionate regret!

Well I know the luster beaming
From those soft and cloudless skies;
Well the odors, faintly teeming
With the breath of Paradise:
Well I know the rush of feeling
Overwhelming heart and brain,
And the subtle rapture stealing—
Rapture which resembles pain.

When or where my youthful spirit
Found this sparkling isle of bliss,
Which the angels might inherit
(With no stint of happiness),
I've no power to tell in numbers,
And slight knowledge where to place
That which, haunting all my slumbers,
No existence has in space!

In the fadeless realms of Fairy,—
In Imagination's clime,
Where the banners, silken, airy,
Float above the walls of time;

There this Poet's Isle may wander,
Like a planet lost at birth,
Till the enamored soul, grown fonder—
Meets it midway from the Earth!

STANZAS BY MOONLIGHT.

PALE Empress of the midnight sky,
What mournful recollections throng
Around this heart, once swelling high
With tides of love, and hope, and song!
No age thy loveliness can dull;
No time thy lustrous brow may dim;—
Of all the orbs most beautiful
That through the heavenly azure swim.

Long years have come — long years have sped —
Since first thy light on Eden shone;
And millions of forgotten dead
To their eternal sleep have gone:
And saints have suffered and have died;—
Great warriors sated with renown,—
With kings and captives, side by side,
Have in their crimson guilt gone down!

What peaceful beauty blessed thy sight,
When Eve first slumbered in her bowers;
And all the stars that watched the night,
Enamored hung, above the flowers:
When low winds, with their spicy breath,
Young odors whispered where she slept,
And guiltless yet of sin or death,
The Earth its dew of gladness wept!

What visions since have met thy gaze!
What crimes and madness hast thou seen!
What evil nights and murkier days
Have onward rolled, no space between!
What change has come o'er hill and vale!
O'er mountain, crag, and rocky glen!
O'er forest, leveled by the gale!—
And river, stagnant as a fen!

One night in glory thou didst rise
Above a green untrodden field,
And thousand hearts, and thousand eyes
Were lifted toward thy silver shield:—
The pure light of each holy beam
Descended with the twilight tears,
And danced upon the rushing stream,
Or flashed among the glittering spears.

The clarion's voice—the drum's deep note
Aroused sweet Echo in her cave,
Who quickly from her mellow throat
Sent back their music o'er the wave:—
Next eve, thy pale, but radiant face
Looked downward on a sea of blood,
That filled that fresh and grassy space,
And dyed the river's sparkling flood!

Thus broken hearts, and bitter woes,
And hopeless sorrows, unrevealed,
And friends, by hatred changed to foes,
Have silently to thee appealed!
One tithe the fearful knowledge thine
Would sink the soul in deep despair,
For even burdens such as mine,
Seem more than human strength can bear!

Oh! even as thou 'rt shining now,
I 've seen thee oft, in other years;
Ere lines like these were on my brow,
Or on my cheek the trace of tears;
And even thus, above my tomb,
Though kindred forms may never bend,
I know thou 'lt pierce the rustling gloom,
And watch the lone mound like a friend!

THE LOST SOUL.

My soul went out in darkness, like the moon,
When sudden clouds drive o'er the midnight sky:
And life was at its zenith, the hot noon
Had scorched and withered with its flaming eye,
All of my Spring's sweet children that could die;
But some there were, though shrunk by the fire,
Bright blossoms grown for immortality—
Stood up beneath the fierceness of that ire,
As strings, though broke, will cling unto the master's
lyre.

The year was young—it was the tender May,
Whose violet-saddled feet were wet with dew;
The roses budded on the nodding spray,
And leaves were green upon the solemn yew
That from the bosom of the church-yard grew;

The moss assumed a softer, deeper tone,
Where streams tripped lightly o'er their pebbled way,
And in its emerald robes, with diamond zone,
The Earth lay like a child that sleeps without a moan.

The soul that wandered through the halls of night,
Where darkness curtained every windowed dome,
Was stung to madness ere it fled the light;
And as a star unsphered might wildly roam
Through seas of space, and airy clouds of foam,
Blind to all laws that govern, rule, or guide,
Still shooting onward in its dreary flight!
Thus did that soul from this warm life divide,
And rush where darkness rolls its strong and swollen tide.

The year was young, and to the blushing morn
That came all smiling from the arms of night—
And to the soft-eyed flowers then newly born—
And to the winds that whispered their delight
Where wingéd odors nestled from the sight!
My heart, in passionate entreaty cried,
(Still bleeding inward from a deadly thorn),
“Oh, give me back my soul! the true—the tried—”
But Echo's empty voice alone to it replied!

Along new paths, o'er beds of perfumed thyme,
Whose soul exhaled beneath my lingering tread;
And under roofs, where soft the yellow lime
Shone like faint stars amid the leaves o'erhead;
And through the valleys, where the way-worn dead
Had made firm covenant with Death for rest
From all the tortures of this present time—
This heart, still throbbing wildly in its breast,
My half reluctant feet, yet onward, onward pressed.

Through lone, black forests, and through blacker caves,
The darkness rustling like a velvet pall,
Where roars the sound of unseen, hurrying waves,
That dash against the adamant wall,
Or rush all sullen to their dreadful fall!
No star e'er lighting the perpetual gloom,
But where the imprisoned wind more hoarsely raves,
Whirling its victims to an awful doom,
If guideless they go down the fearful, sunless tomb!

On, o'er frail bridges swung from steep to steep
Of cloud defying cliffs, whose dizzy height
The fearless chamois scarce would dare to leap!
While far below, oh! wan and dismal sight
Lay bleaching bones:—the traveler shrinks in fright,

As leaning midway o'er the deep abyss,
His shuddering nerves like adders o'er him creep!
While flashing through his brain, are thoughts like this--
"How short a step is here to lasting woe or bliss!"

And onward still! through long, bright summer days,
When sunshine rippled o'er a sea of grass;
Down mossy hollows — over briery ways —
Through lonely gorge and arched and rocky pass,
Whose gloomy grandeur pierced my heart — alas!
That not a moment of one perished hour,
E'er held a rainbow in its glittering rays,
To lure me up to an immortal bower,
Where Hope, divinely bright, shines out through cloud
and shower!

At length the Autumn, drunken deep with wines
Drained from the purple grape, reeled o'er the land;
His frosty fingers pinched the rambling vines —
His breath came cutting through the breezes bland;
On fruit and flower was laid a palsying hand;
The long-drawn notes of insect-lyres no more
Thrilled the young twilight of the whispering pines;
A stillness stole along the wood and shore,
And Summer's gentle trance, with all its joys, was o'er.

But ever still was this my heart's shrill cry,
(That, like a prisoned eagle, beat its bars),
Oh! give me back my soul, thou pure blue sky,
Or draw me upward to thy sphéred stars,
Enthroned like gods upon their flaming cars,
Their wheels strike fire as swift they roll through space—
Oh! leave me not alone, my soul, to die!
Give me one print thy flying track to trace,
Lest, lifting up my voice, I curse thee and thy race!

But the sky heard not, and the moon grew dim,
As mists wound upward from the sleeping vale;
Like giant forms, they climbed the Heavens' blue rim,
And all the stars grew sudden faint and pale,
As through the forests came the hollow wail
Of spectral winds, that madly swept along,
And in the pauses of the Ocean's hymn,
Burst into chorus, wild, and deep, and strong,
Till all the caves of Night o'erflowed with mournful song!

Then, by the margin of that mighty river
That rolls between us and the shores of rest,
Whose bitter waves flow on, and on, forever,
With hapless shipwrecks on their heaving breast,
Drifting, like shadows, toward the climes unblest—

My wandering feet were stayed — and there I mourned
The broken arrows in Life's golden quiver —
The ashes dead that on Hope's altar burned ;
While all my vital part for its lost essence yearned.

And still I sit amid the rustling reeds, —
The pluméd flags that rock upon the breeze ;
Amid the sands, and shells, and briny weeds,
And broken boughs of branching coral trees,
The sparkling waifs of dim and distant seas : —
My heart, still wailing that which fled before,
Counts its last moments, as a nun her beads,
With eager haste, to pass beyond the shore
Where anguished ones may rest, and night returns no
more !

TO A POET.

As a lark springs at morn from the sweet meadow dew,
As it cleaves the bright sun-light and soars through the
 blue,
Thus thy soul, in its youth, sprang aloft from the flowers
That freshened and brightened its slumbering hours.

Far up! through the blue heavenly pathway of song,
With wing swift and tireless! with flight bold and strong;
Now, soaring away to an island of light —
Now pausing to sing with the seraphim bright,
Who hover where Heaven's wide portals uncloze,
And the soul steals a glimpse of immortal repose!
How oft by those gates, on their hinges of gold,
Have the harps of the Masters, whose bosoms are cold,
Been strung to the sounds that enravished their ear,
That filled them with wonder, or thrilled them with fear!

How oft, when the twilight of evening came down,
And jewels burned bright in the night's starry crown,
Hast thou sat by that portal, with hand on thy lyre,
Thy heart filled with Heaven — thy spirit with fire,
And breathed the rich strains that recalled a young
dream —

The first that was glassed upon Life's sunny stream,
Ere storm-clouds had ruffled those halcyon days,
Or my footsteps had wandered from life's pleasant ways;
Ere my young lip had tasted of bitterness here,
Or the Heavens that bound me, were dimmed by a tear:—
It returned to my soul like the dove to the ark,
Or as back to its nest comes the sky-piercing lark,
All weary and drooping it laid down to rest,
Like the dove in its safety — the bird in its nest!

Magician of beauty! how marvels the world
When the banners of music, by angels unfurled,
Roll out on the breeze, and float over thy brow,
Unseen by the crowd as it worships below!

Magician of beauty! come listen to me,
Far o'er the dark waves of this life's stormy sea,
There's a palm-shaded isle in the River of Song,
Unknown to the hearts of the world-loving throng,
Where the breeze that e'er loves the sweet lip of the flower
Is fresh, as when wandering in Eden's lost bower,

Where the skies are all cloudless—the waves are all light,
Where the groves are all freshness, and where is no night:
Thou knowest the realm—thou wilt answer my prayer,
At the glow of the eve our free souls shall be there!

SECRET LOVE.

THOU wert another's, when I met thee;
This I dreamed would shield me well,—
Now I strive but to forget thee,
Wildly struggling with the spell,—
Words I whisper—words of madness,
Clothing thoughts I fear to tell!

THOU wert another's! did I listen
To thy low and manly voice,
Brighter would my dim eyes glisten
And my faint heart, how rejoice!
Could I think it aught but friendship?
Wert thou not another's choice?

THOU wert another's; she did love thee!
But her love was cold to mine;
Other's voice might never move me
Like the lightest tone of thine—
Thoughts of thee were precious jewels
Lighting up my spirit's shrine.

Thou wert another's! close beside thee
Dreame I many an hour away,
Time, nor distance, can divide thee
From this throbbing heart to-day;
For its pulses strong are beating
With a mighty passion's play!

Thou wert another's;—thou didst wonder
Seeing me so sad and ill—
Smiling, rent my heart asunder,
While the pulse of life stood still;—
That I lived to look upon thee
Was not by my act or will.

Thou art another's! had I never
Risen from that blissful trance,
But had sunk to sleep forever
Where the sun-beams gaily dance,—
Tell me, would thine eye in sorrow
On the marble watcher glance?

Thou art another's;—no emotion
Ever may betray me now;
Of my burning, deep devotion,
Thou canst never, never know!
Though I still shall wander near thee,
Still shall hear thee whisper low.

Thou art another's! thou wouldst scorn it
 Couldst thou see this breaking heart;
And this wretchedness, I've borne it
 That I might be where thou art,
Worshiping, when gazing on thee,
 Weeping, when I sit apart.

Thou art another's;— Ah! how weary
 Is the soul that knows no peace:
Wide, wide world, so sad and dreary—
 Shall this sorrow never cease?
Shall I hurry down life's ocean
 Craving, finding no release?

REMEMBRANCES.

SWEET eve of June! beside my lattice lonely,
I kneel and gaze upon yon orbs of light;
They are as mirrors, from which *one* face only
Looks down upon me through the dreamy night!
Those eyes so deep, and dark, all eyes transcending,
With searching glance are bent upon me now,
While Eden-dews in gentle showers descending,
Rain cool and freshly, on my feverish brow.

The starlight revels on the woody mountains,
And wanders brightly through the haunted dells,
Or lingers by the old and stilly fountains,
Beside whose springs, primeval silence dwells ;
The thirsty blossoms lift their urns, delighting
To catch the drops that fall from Heaven's gates,—
The snowy Cereus, day's embraces slighting,
In bridal beauty on the evening waits.

Oh! once my heart had leaped with very gladness,
To see such glory on the face of Earth,
But hopeless love has clasped it round with sadness,
And locked the rosy gates of laughing mirth.
There was a time, when I had loved to listen
To all sweet symphonies played by the breeze—
To watch the leaves whose silver linings glisten
When sun-light arrows pierce the shivering trees.

There was a time, when through the dark green rushes
I loved to wander in my childish play,
When merry as the small, sweet-throated thrushè,es,
My songs rang out through all the summer day:
Then from the fragrant, low, and thorny hedges,
I culled the wild-rose by the morning's beam,
Or, daring flew to pluck the flaunting sedges
That grew within the narrow, winding stream.

There was a time—pale Memory is stealing
Unto the past, her eyes, with tears all wet;
While I, with deep, and wild impassioned feeling
Glance back upon *that time*, when first we met!
It was an eve in June, the fairest, brightest,
That stole within the arms of fainting day,
Each pulse of my young heart was beating lightest,
When like a sudden blight *he* crossed my way.

.

I may not blame him, — *I* was nothing to him:
Another claimed his noble heart and hand;
I would not, had I dared, have sought to woo him
From her, the fairest, gentlest of the land.
But that sweet eve of June, once more returning,
Once more, I raise my weeping eyes above,
Where in each star in mystic splendor burning,
I see the face of him I madly love!

THE PLEDGE.

Musing on thy lengthened absence,
As I lonely sit to-night,
Thus, beloved one, I pledge thee
In a goblet, deep and bright:
Now I hold the liquid treasure,
Up between me and the blaze,
Marking with a childish pleasure,
Splendors changing in the rays.

For the glass is stained a purple,
Rich and royal is the hue,
And I freely drink its nectar,
As a blossom drinks the dew:
Oh! it is a famous vintage,
Yet its age I may not tell,
And, believe me, love, I would not,
Even tho' I knew it well;

For the smile that lights thy features
Soon would leave them very blank,
As in doubt thy lips would murmur,
"Oldest wine was ever drank!"
Yet no grapes were crushed in brewing,
And no stain was on the sod
Where it first came foaming brightly
From the wine-press of our God!

From the bright and gentle river
Poet-voices love to praise,
Came these sparkling drops that quiver
In the warm and ruddy blaze;
Singing birds that warbled near it,
Left their voices in the stream,
And the orbs that shone above it
Made it all the brighter seem.

Thus, beloved, as I raise it
To my warm and thirsty lip,
Do I wish thy hopes may brighten
As the waters that I sip:
And my faith again I pledge thee,
With this fervent seal and sign,
That my love were worthless, had I
Drunk to thee, in lees of wine!

INDIAN SUMMER.

It is the Indian Summer time,
The days of mist, and haze and glory,
And on the leaves in hues sublime,
The Autumn paints poor Summer's story;
“‘She died in beauty,’” sing the hours,
“And left on earth a glorious shadow;”
“‘She died in beauty,’ like her flowers,”
Is painted on each wood and meadow: —
She perished like bright human hopes,
That blaze awhile upon life's altar;
And o'er her green and sunny slopes,
The plaintive winds, her dirges falter.

It is the Indian Summer time!
The crimson leaves, like coals are gleaming,
The brightest tints of every clime,
Are o'er our Western forests streaming;

How bright the hours! yet o'er their close,
The moments sigh in mournful duty,
And redder light around them glows,
Like hectic on the cheek of beauty.
Fair maiden, when thy spring is o'er,
And all thy summer flowers are gathered,
May Autumn, with a golden store,
Replace the buds so quickly withered;
And bind unto thy heart this truth,
That it may live when dead thy roses,
"RELIGION is the light of youth,
And gilds life's autumn, as it closes."

FOOT-PRINTS OF WINTER.



HARK! how wild the winds are sighing,
Moaning, fretting, shrieking, dying,
And the helpless leaves are flying

Madly on their way:

For a while the AUTUMN rested,
And the death-white frosts he breasted,
Till his hoary front was crested —

Crested with decay!

Through the long and narrow arches
Of the green and graceful larches,
Solemnly and slowly marches

WINTER and his train;

At his tread the grass grows crisper,
And each mother's petted lisper,
Shinking from the air, will whisper

“That the cold is pain!”

Days are into darkness shrinking,
Clouds unto the earth are sinking,
And the icy fetters, linking,

Bind the shallow streams :
SPRING'S sweet hours of sunshine solely,
SUMMER twilights soft and holy,
In these days of melancholy
Seem like distant dreams.

Look we for no fair to-morrow —
Spade and plow have left the furrow —
And the rabbit from its burrow
Steals with noiseless tread :
Hushed the brook's melodious prattling, —
But the winds and leaves are battling,
And the sleeted boughs are rattling
O'er the confined dead !

Yonder, where the rocks are jutting,
Though the air is keen and cutting,
Little squirrels go a-nutting,
In the hazel brake :
Underneath, a river 's toiling —
Rage within its bosom boiling ;
You may see it, writhing, coiling,
Like a wounded snake !

All the forest's dim recesses,
Which the sunshine seldom blesses,
Shorn of leaves and viny tresses,
Have no secrets now:
Quietly the ivy's creeping
Where the blighted flowers are sleeping,
And the blast from Northward sweeping
Drives the sinless snow.

Round the hearth, when first assembled,
Tears upon our eyelids trembled,
Though the lips a smile dissembled,
As each strove in vain
To hide the drops of sorrow stealing,
Or the woe of buried feeling,
As the past, our loss revealing,
Stabbed the heart again!

See! once more she lightly dances,
And her sweet and loving glances
Fill my lonely twilight fancies
With a world of light:
Up to Heaven—up to Heaven
Her frail bark was swiftly driven,
But her soul, all white and shriven,
Shines upon our night!

Thus, when tempests rage around me,
Thus the darkness oft has found me,
And these thoughts have strongly bound me
 With their wildest spell:
Then the WINTER seems less dreary,
And the fire-light shines more cheery,
For a VOICE, when I am weary,
 Whispers — “It is well!”

THE HOUSE OF CLAY.

IN years to come, this House of Clay,
 (Whose wondrous tenant dwells within),
Will moulder into drear decay,
 With all its furniture of sin:—
Ere then, its halls shall darkened be;—
 Its windows shall no more unclose;
Through chambers, fashioned cunningly,
 Will creep a host of ruthless foes.

Too soon the soldiery of Death
 May this frail citadel surround,
One blast of whose triumphant breath
 Can fell the fabric to the ground!
Of what avail, oh! tenant-soul,
 Thy life-lease, when that hour shall come,
And down Eternity shall roll
 Thy summons to a viewless home?

Of what avail thy gorgeous dreams —
Those costly draperies sublime,
Whose brilliant dyes, and golden gleams,
Grow dim with age, and fade with time :
Whose magic warps, and charmed woofs,
Alternate wrought with smiles and tears,
Shall crumble from the airy roofs
That arch the splendid domes of years !

Of what avail thy longings vain —
The countless and the unfulfilled :
The blooming hopes, long nursed with pain,
In garden-spots in secret tilled ?
How valueless thy wealth shall prove —
Each chosen word — each treasured thought ;
Thy strong resolves, and stronger love,
Weighed in the balance — found as naught.

How wilt thou meet that hour of dread,
Which fills the boldest heart with awe ?
That bore to all the millions dead
The one eternal, changeless law !
How wilt thou leave this House of Clay,
That from the barren dust arose,
To meet that bright and perfect day
Which thy new temple shall disclose ?

What guest hast thou received within ?
What spirit hast thou entertained ?
What forms of darkness and of sin
Have thus thy very threshold stained ?
Thou canst not answer :—in thy halls
Have reveled passion, sin, and pride ;
Their story 's graven on the walls,
Too deeply cut—too darkly dyed !

Where slept the sentinels of good
When evil crept within thy door ?
And stirred to mutiny the blood
These slumberers should have guarded o'er ?
Where languished conscience, with her bow,
When her white fortress was assailed ?
Had she no arrow for the foe
Who thus her very ramparts scaled ?

Oh ! tenant soul ! may grief and tears
For woeful, wild temptations passed,
Along thy path, through coming years,
A sweet and gentle sadness cast ;
Thy clouded faith—thy purpose weak,
The faults, the follies which are thine,—
Go lay them all, like Mary, meek,
Low at the feet of Love Divine !

FANNY.



On! bright as the leaves in the dawn of the year;
As timid and shy as a young forest deer;
As fair as the lilies that float on the wave,
And gay as the linnet, though quiet and grave;—
Our star-beam at night, and our sunshine at noon,
Was the sweet little FANNY, who blossomed in June!

How blue were the Heavens that smiled on her birth,
As she came, with the flowers, to brighten the earth!
And meek as the blossoms that hide in the wood;
As pure as a dew-drop, and gentle as good;
And graceful in form as a fairy or fay,
Was the violet-eyed FANNY, all worshiped last May!

Our deer of the forest was wounded by death,
How soon, like the buds, then, exhaled her sweet
 breath ;

Her journey was swift, from the cradle to grave,
As the lilies that fade on the breast of the wave,—
And breezes and blossoms shall whisper “how soon !”
As they sigh o’er the grave of young FANNY, next
 June !

THE LADY MOON.

WHEN Earth was in her maidenhood, and all the world
was young,
And fair creation's morning song by trembling stars was
sung,
The LADY MOON, a lovely dame, with queenliest form and
grace,
First in the peerless courts on high, unveiled her pensive
face.
She walked in maiden loveliness, where VESPER wandered
free,
And each a dazzling image flung upon a dazzling sea:
"Oh! stay thy brilliant footsteps!" said the lovely LADY
MOON,
"I have a tale to whisper thee before the midnight noon.

“Thou knowest that my lover bold, the gallant DAY, one
June,

Entreated me to visit him the fourth stroke after noon :
I thought it not unmaidenly, and wandered out that way,
And stood within the palace of the blazing, burning DAY !
The boldness of his glances then—his insolence of mien,
Aroused my trembling modesty, enraged me as a queen ;
And looking in his brightest hall, I saw the dazzling
friend

He said, would all my wishes learn, to all my wants
attend.

“I knew my brow had paler grown, but waving an adieu,
I said, ‘Fair Day, some other dame, perchance may wed
with you ;

But I, yon azure Heaven’s queen, could never reign where
one

Would far outshine my meeker charms, as would yon
graceless Sun ;’

Then, with an arched and angered brow, I sailed from
out his sight,

And quickly met HIM, face to face, the grave and dark-
browed Night.

Oh ! VESPER, as I looked on him—his graceful robes of
gloom

Had more delight and charms for me than DAY’s most
rosy bloom.

“He looked so proud and terrible, when hovering o’er the
sea,
That from his shadow on the rocks, I fled half fearfully.
His brow was bent above the Earth, his mantle fell
around,
And all his garments, drenched with dew, were moistening
the ground.
Then from my silvery-quiver bright, I flung a steady beam,
That fell upon his shadowy brow, like some soft seraph
dream;
He felt its gentle influence, and gazing on my form,
The silver beam upon his brow grew faintly flushed and
warm!

“I will not tell thee how we met, at each recurring eve,
But will give thee some kind missions, love, before thou
takest leave:
Go swiftly to our brilliant Court, and use thine utmost
speed,
The stars must know that now we wed a kingly mate,
indeed:
Go say to stately JUPITER—to MARS, our warrior bright,
It is our will that they should wait upon the royal
NIGHT;
Then bid the sister Pleiades, the brightest of our train,
To meet us, with the maiden throng, upon the azure
plain.

“Upon the noble, valiant knights, our strict commands we lay,

To marshal all the starry hosts along the Milky Way;
We meet within the Eastern Courts, above where Ocean glides,

For yet, my bridegroom knows me but as ‘Mistress of the Tides.’”

Bright Vesper floated down the sky, and left the LADY MOON

To weave her silver bridal vail, and lace her sandal shoon;

For oh! a fairer pilgrim than the Heaven’s haughty queen

Was never by the listening Earth, her elder sister, seen.

The joyous hours went dancing on, and Earth grew wondrous bright,

Broad rivers wound across her breast, like veins of liquid light;

The blossoms, buds, and leafy trees, thrilled like a harp new strung,

And fresh young winds, new born above, with plaintive sweetness sung.

The LADY MOON, with blushing face, then glided up the sky —

The kingly NIGHT, with purpled robes, met her embrace on high:

The music of the spheres was heard, a deep, delicious strain,

Whose waves of melody upheaved like waves upon the main!

Oh! lovely Moon! oh! solemn Night! when first ye wedded were,

The Earth a bridal-chorus rung, and knelt your worshiper;

And living poets, often since, have, in their hymns sublime,
Your praises sung in nobler strains than swell this simple rhyme.

"LOST AND WON."

IN the days of sad September,
When the sun shone full and clear,
And the hours, as I remember,
Were most changeful of the year,
To the woods, still leafy, solemn,
In her grief, a maiden fled, —
Paused beside a prostrate column
That once wore a crownéd head,
And seemed to live, so green its mosses,
Though its hollow heart was dead.

"Monarch!" said she, speaking sadly,
"Monarch, once, of forest shade,
Would that I had never madly
From thy loving shelter strayed;

Then my hand had stayed the lifting
Of the glittering ax to thee,
And dead leaves might now be drifting
Underneath a living tree —
Underneath the broad-leaved branches
Which so often welcomed me.

“Now, the very sunbeam stealing
O'er this moss, which wraps decay,
Seems to bear a touch of feeling
For the monarch, dead and gray:
Dead, to all that once delighted —
Dead, to summer dews and showers —
Gray with grief, mildewed and blighted;
Only these few pallid flowers
Nod in mournful beauty near thee,
Through the long autumnal hours.”

Then her tears fell bright and slowly,
And the wood-moss drank them up,
Though it seemed but poor and lowly,
Each spear bore a jeweled cup, —
And her words of sweet complaining
Fell like music on the breeze,
While her heart seemed filled to paining
With such woeful strains as these:
As her spirit bent in sorrow
'Neath life's darker mysteries.

“Lost and won!” she said, still sighing,
As her eyes swam in their tears;
“Lost and won! — when I am dying,
Shall these specters of my years
Rise in brighter shapes beside me,
(And like stars in midnight set),
With their beauty still deride me,
When my soul would fain forget
All of darkness, in its Distant,
All of sorrow and regret?


“Lost and won! I heard them praying
Once beside an open tomb,
When my childish feet were straying
Through the wild and grassy bloom;
As I lightly paused to listen,
Said a voice, ‘Our friend doth sleep,
And though painful tears may glisten
In these eyes, unused to weep,
HE LOST TO WIN! Go, erring brother,
Sow the grain which thou wouldst reap.’

“But *I’ve* lost, in life’s sad venture,
That which ne’er returns again;
Careless scoff, or friendly censure,
Fall alike on heart and brain —

Lost, the freshness of youth's feeling!—
Lost that eagerness of soul,
First to grasp at Hope's revealing!
(Though we never reached the goal)
First to leave, when sparkling pleasure
Came with false and brimming bowl.

“Thus I've lost a happy spirit—
Thus I've won a troubled breast!—
Born to love, I but inherit
Love's despair, with its unrest:
Thus, like thee, all green with mosses,
Stricken tree, I 'm dead within,—
Wearied with life's heavy crosses,
And its burden, too, of sin,
I have lost, and lost forever,
More than I dare hope to win!”

STANZAS.



WHEN the snowy arms of Death,
Like a shroud, encircle thee,
And his cold benumbing breath
Stills thy pulse's melody ;
Then beside thee, lowly bending,
Fondest friends, shall seek to trace
In the blow, our bosoms rending,
Tokens of Almighty grace.

Daily, as we see thee fade
Like a blossom on the bough,
Chilling in the wintry shade,
Frosted dews upon its brow,
How we turn aside in anguish,
Chiding tears that flow too free,
Lest thy loving heart should languish,
Witnessing our grief for thee !

Thus to see the vital spark
Trembling in its wasted frame,
Waiting, longing to embark
For the haven whence it came—
Who could blame our sad concealings,
From thy meek and watchful eyes,
Of the dark and troubled feelings
That within our bosoms rise?

Daily strive our lips to say—
“Father! let thy will be done!”
Nightly, kneeling, do we pray—
“Father spare our gentle one!”
Thus, from Death, we seek to shield thee,
Hoping, where no hope avails;
Knowing that His hand hath sealed thee—
That His arrow never fails!

When we fold thee on Earth's breast,
Greenest turf we'll gather there;
Sweetest dews shall lightly rest
On that bosom, once so fair.
Yes! for thee the tears of Heaven,
From the concave's deepest blue,
Noiselessly shall flow each even
In the droppings of the dew.

There the tender buds of Spring
First shall open to the day,
Light their little bells shall ring
To the robin's roundelay;
And a breezy voice, while straying
Through the narrow, vaulted aisles,
Sad shall sigh, like mourners praying
God's forgiveness and his smiles.

Lo! across thy path of life
Death's white shadow 's stealing now;
Let me not behold the strife—
Let me still in meekness bow,
God be with thee, gentle spirit,
Now His angel fondly calls—
Yielding life, thou wilt inherit
Life within our Father's halls.

THE SEPARATION.

CALM scorn on the lip, and wild love at the heart,—
Thus madly we parted, as enemies part;
But few words were spoken, yet sharper than death
The meaning that stole from those lips with thy breath,
One lightning-winged moment o'erwhelmed me with tears
By agony drained from the fountain of years!

The clasp of thy fingers was colder than ice,
And still they seem clutching my heart like a vice;
Thy blue eyes were tearless—their light, like a coal,
In the white heat of anger, burned deep in my soul:
Too ready to listen—too quick to believe,
Thou'lt learn, when too late, that the fair can deceive;
Thy pure mind was poisoned—thy reason enslaved—
Far better above thee the willow had waved:
Far better to weep o'er thy passionless clay,
Than thus to remember our parting, that day.

Thy heart is of flesh, though thy bosom is steel ;
Though iron the cell, still the captive can feel ;
And they who were deaf to the prisoner's call,
Have shuddered, ere now, at the blood on the wall !
Look well to THY captive, and lull it to rest,
Lest, hopeless, it dash 'gainst the steel of thy breast !

I wandered, last night, in my dream, by thy side,
With bosom all torn by my anguish and pride ;
Thy voice, like a serpent, slid into my heart,
Its sting, the sharp words which have rent us apart.
White lilies drooped over thy bosom more fair ;
White roses were looped in thy long flowing hair ;
Yet whiter than lily or rose, in my dream,
Were the lips that have robbed me of hope's latest gleam !

Old men wag the head, when they see me thus sad ;
I hear the young whisper, " He 's mad — he is mad !"
The babe, as it lies in a sweet waking trance,
Smiles pityingly back to my agonized glance ;
And sunlight is warm on my white, clammy brow,
But snow on the Alps is not colder than thou !
Thou beautiful scorner — thou murd'ress of men,
Ne'er hope, in this world, to be happy again !
My pierced love shall lie, like a corse, at thy door,
With fond eyes upturned to thy gaze, evermore !

Farewell!—I have worshiped!—farewell!—it is vain—
The idol hath maddened my heart and my brain!
No word softly spoken—no treacherous smile—
Shall cheat my sad spirit—my sorrow beguile!
I walk in the valley—I wander in shade—
The spell of the sorceress upon me is laid;
She leads me at will through the blackness of night,—
Through dim, frosty regions—through kingdoms of blight:
I see but her image above and below,
With her white lip of scorn, and her cold hand of snow!

LITTLE NELL.

SPRING, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisp'd the words she could not master,
Vex'd that she might speak no faster, —
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Mischief, all her joys enhancing;
Full of baby-mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet little Nell.

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover —
Calling down the glittering showers,
Breathing on the buds and flowers;
Rivaling young pleasant May,
In a generous holiday!

Smallest insects hummed a tune,
Through the blessed nights of June:
And the maiden sang HER song,
Through the days, so bright and long—
Dear little Nell.

Autumn came! the leaves were falling—
Death, the little one was calling:
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us, she seemed still dearer
As the trial-hour drew nearer;
But she left us, hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only:
And a little grave they made her,
In the church-yard cold, they laid her—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—
Poor little Nell!

THE SHADOW.

Twice beside the crumbling well,
Where the lichen clingeth fast—
Twice the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past.
“Shines the moon, this eve, as brightly
As the harvest-moon may shine;
Stands each star, that glimmers nightly,
Like a saint, within its shrine;
Whence the shade, then, whence the shadow?
Canst thou tell, sweet lady mine?”

But the lady's cheek was pale,
And her lips were marble white,
As she clasped her silken vail,
Floating in the silver light:
Like an angel's wing it glistened,
Like a sybil seemed the maid;
But in vain the lover listened,
Silence on her lips was laid —
Though they moved, no sound had broken
Through the stillness of the glade.

Brighter grew her burning eyes;
Wan and thin the rounded cheek:
Was it terror, or surprise,
That forbade the lips to speak?
To his heart, then, creeping slowly,
Came a strange and deadly fear;
Words and sounds profane, unholy,
Stole into his shrinking ear,
And the moon sank sudden downward,
Leaving earth and heaven drear!

Slowly from the lady's lips
Burst a deep and heavy sigh,
As from some long, dark eclipse,
Rose the red moon in the sky:

Saw he then the lady kneeling,
Cold and fainting by the well;
Eyes, once filled with tender meaning,
Closed beneath some hidden spell:
What was heard he dared not whisper,
What he feared were death to tell.

The little hand was wondrous fair
Which to him so wildly clung;
Raven was the glossy hair
From off the snowy forehead flung;
Much too fair, that hand, for staining
With a crime of darkest dye:—
But the moon again is waning
In the pale and starless sky;
Hark! what words are slowly falling
On the breeze that sweeps them by?

“Touch her not!” the voice it said,
“Wrench thy mantle from her grasp:”
Thus the disembodied dead
Warns from that polluting clasp;
“Touch her not, but still look on her;
All an angel seemeth she;
Yet, the guilty stains upon her
Shame the fiend’s dark company!
But, her hideous crime is nameless
Under heaven’s canopy.”

Twice beside the crumbling well,
Where the lichen clingeth fast;
Twice the shadow on them fell,
And the breeze went wailing past: —
Twice the voice's hollow warning,
Pierced the haunted midnight air;
Then the golden light of morning
Streamed upon the lady there;
They who found her, stark and lonely,
Said the corse was very fair.

SONG.

I ASK not my soul why this bosom should thrill,
When I meet the fond glance of thine eyes;
I wish for no sybil, with magical skill,
To read the soft meaning of sighs:—
I know there are feelings deep hid in my breast,
Like the lightnings, that slumbering lie,
On a warm summer eve, in the heart of the West,
Till awakened, they flash o'er the sky.

As I gaze on the river that sweeps by thy door,
One thought my whole being enslaves,
I whisper it not to the white-pebbled shore,
Lest it murmur the tale to the waves.
I look on the stars, but they vanish so soon
As thy footsteps recede from my side;
A sea that is shoreless—a night without moon—
Are the moments our spirits divide.

Then come to me here, with thy summer-like voice,
Which breathes of the brightness to be,
And exultant, once more, shall my spirit rejoice,
For I live not unless I'm with thee!
And I'll ask not my heart why this bosom should thrill
When I meet the fond glance of thine eyes,
Nor seek for a sybil, with magical skill,
To read me the meaning of sighs.

TO HIRAM POWERS.

SCULPTOR! by the Arno's wave,
O'er the Ocean's trackless sand,
Yearns thy heart for home and grave
In thine own dear Father-land?

Exiled from thy native shore,
By the high claims of thine Art,
Thou art freeman to the core—
Thou art "true as steel," at heart!

Ever, through thy lofty soul,
Where thy great creations teem,
Thoughts of friends and Country roll
In an overwhelming stream!

Pictures of thy boyhood's home —
Memories of each wood and vale,
Seem to thee, across the foam,
Like a dream-told fairy tale:—

Like an elfin legend read
On some long, bright summer day,
When the hours, now dim and dead,
Strewed with flowers thy narrow way.

Though thy hands have made a grave
Under bright Italian skies;—
By the silvery-shining wave,
Though thy bud of promise lies,

Still thy thoughts turn steady — true
As needle to the northern pole,
O'er the Ocean's waste of blue,
Unto their dim and distant goal!

What has kindled thus thine eye?
What has flushed thy thoughtful brow?
Genius from the templed sky
Broods above thy spirit now!

Sitting in thy silent room,
The clay, within thy skillful hands,—
As if risen from the tomb—
Soon thy thought, full-shapen, stands.

Thou hast thrown around its form
All of beauty—all of grace,
And a soul, divinest charm!
Lights the pure, expressive face!

Can it be, thy Country's ear
Alone is deaf to high renown?
Through what cold, dull, atmosphere,
Is she blindly looking down?

Waits she, till the hand is dust?
That has carved a deathless name,
Which no age can ever rust—
Which adds luster to her fame!

Waits she, till the eye is dim?
And the proud high heart is mute?
Ere she opes her arms to him—
Ere she plucks her ripest fruit?

She may waken, when too late,
And her soul within her burn,
As she mourns, in regal state,
O'er a cold, reproachful urn!

Sculptor! by the Arno's wave,
O'er the Ocean's trackless sand,
Loving hearts and spirits brave,
Woo thee back to Father-land!

THE BONNIE BROWN BIRD IN THE MULBERRY TREE.

IN a green meadow, laced by a silvery stream,
Where the lilies, all day, seemed to float in a dream
On the soft-gurgling waves, in their bright-pebbled
bed ;—

Where the emerald turf sprang up light from the tread,
In the days that have vanished, forever, for me
There grew in its prime a red MULBERRY TREE.

How stalwart its form — what a wealth of green leaves !
Where the sunlight came sifting, like rain through the
caves,

With a right royal canopy stretched overhead,
And the ruby-like berries strung on a gold thread,
Enticing the birds, and enticing to me,
As I swung through the air, 'neath the MULBERRY TREE !

'Twas cunningly fastened, that swing, on a bough,
And the rich-freighted branches brushed lightly my brow,
As up I rose higher than others might dare,
And tasted the joys of the birds in the air!—
While one little warbler, with throat full of glee,
Built its nest every Spring, in the MULBERRY TREE!

Oh! sunshine, that mocketh, whose light is so cold,
Where, where is the glory, that crowned you of old?
Where hides the soft splendor that brightened the ways,
And dazzled the child, in those spell-woven days?
Where sings the sweet bird, that once sang unto me,
From its zephyr-rocked nest in the MULBERRY TREE?

Away with this thought!—let me dream like a child;
Let me bound o'er the meadow, with hair streaming wild!
Once more in the swing, I have nothing to fear,
The sun shining brightly, the Heav'ns beaming clear,
And hark! 'tis the strain of a lost melody
From the bonnie brown bird in the MULBERRY TREE.

Sing on!—is it true I e'er wandered from this?
That I've drank of each sorrow—have tasted each bliss?
That the World, with its lures, with its lies and its art,
Has rolled a cold stone o'er the tomb of my heart?
Is it true, laughing meadow—oh, verdurous sea!
That a child swings no more 'neath the MULBERRY TREE?

Sing on!—how it steals o'er each chord—through each
vein,

And fills every sense with an exquisite pain;
Now whispering with memory, now murmuring of love,
Now lifting the soul to the star-realms above:
Thus Hope, in my heart, sang once sweetly to me,
As the bonnie brown bird in the MULBERRY TREE!

Sing on, gentle minstrel, as upward I spring
Through the element rare, in the rapturous swing!
Ah! yes, those are tones once familiar in years,
Ere the bolt was shot back from the gateway of tears!
How long—oh! how long, wilt thou sing thus to me,
Thou bonnie brown bird of the MULBERRY TREE!

How long?—It has ceased:—The hoarse drum and the
throng,

Have broken the thread of its Heaven-taught song:
The meadow has faded—the lilies have died;
The stream, in its bed, has been shrunken and dried;
And no child ever swings there in innocent glee,
Or hears a brown bird in the MULBERRY TREE!

THE SPRING RAINS.

THE sky is sullen and gray, —
The clouds hang heavy and dark
On the lowering brow of the opening day;
And hushed in the glen is the blithesome lay
Of the mellow-throated lark.

For more than a weary week
All the heavens have been in tears;
And the hoarse winds sob where they whistled bleak
Through the old elm tops, by the swollen creek —
The haunt of our early years.

The streams in the mountains rush
With arrowy swiftness down:
From the rocks and the hills the waters gush,
While the lifeless stalks and the underbrush
Are sapless, dripping, and brown.

The earth is somber and sad,—
The faces look gloomy around,—
The heart of the farmer's no longer glad,
And the seed he sowed he wishes he had,
From its coffin under ground.

Grass is beginning to peep
On the bare and sloping hills,
But the trees that fell, last autumn, asleep,
Still mournfully nod, and mournfully weep,
As the rain comes down in rills.

Walls are discolored and damp,—
Urchins' hair only in crisp,—
The heaven's unlit night or day by a lamp,
While travelers follow far off in the swamp,
The light of Will-o'-the-Wisp.

The school boy's sullen and grim,
For rivers run down the street,
And what is a holyday, pray, to him,
If he is to stand by the window dim,
Forbidden to sail his fleet?

The ground is soaking below,—
The clouds are soaking above,—
The skies yet darker and murkier grow,
And spirits are down, and pulses are slow,
And no one's falling in love.

A pleasant thing is the spring,
And a pleasant thing is rain,
For the gentle showers bright blossoms bring,
But a fortnight's flood is a tedious thing,
And ruins the farmer's grain.

I WILL FORGET THEE!

I WILL forget thee, when the spring is over,
I whispered faintly to thy haunting shade,
When murmuring bees, from out the sweet-breathed clover,
Steal honey-laden down the silent glade;
When deep, dark forests, with their penciled shadows,
Thick draped with summer foliage uprise;
And when, like ocean isles, the upland meadows,
Unroll their verdure to the dewy skies.
But now, the spring, with magic light and beauty,
But bids me fold these memories to my breast;
The sterner voice of pride, and woman's duty,
Not *now* may break my sweet, delicious rest.

I will forget thee! Ah! the summer breezes
Come stealing softly through my casement bars,—
Still memory, faithful to the by-gone, seizes
Upon the past: and here beneath the stars,

Where summer dew drops downward with a blessing,
Where none might dream of earthly sin or ill,
Against my very will, and wish, transgressing,
I kneel and clasp this love-dream closer still!
Oh! not in summer, when each flower is telling
A tale of passion to the dainty air,
Bereave me of the bliss my bosom swelling,
To plunge me outward into deep despair.

I shall forget thee, when the year is dying,
When rosy hours no more throng round the day;
And cold and colorless the leaves are lying,
That quivered brightly in the solstice ray;
When each thing fair and lovely has been stricken,
And Beauty's children level lie in dust;
When tempest-bearing clouds more darkly thicken,
And birds the sunshine and the air distrust,—
Then, shall autumnal spirits, grieving, wander
Among the ruins of the seasons past,
And this fond heart shall cease to hold and ponder
The hopes, so fed and cherished, to the last!

I WILL NOT REPROACH THEE.

I WILL not reproach thee! my lips shall be mute!
Even song and sweet music, once mine,
Shall tremble no more from my heart's broken lute —
The fond heart, that so trusted to thine!
For Hope, who sat down by the well-spring of life,
There to watch the bright blossoms that grew,
When Passion and Pride swept them down, in their strife,
Left the fountain so desolate, too.

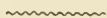
I will not upbraid thee! mine eye shall not fall,
In its sadness and sorrow, on thee;
But hidden away, from the glances of all,
Oh! this heart, thou hast broken, shall be:
The bosom that throbbed with the passion and bliss,
With the flutterings of hope and of love,
Now pants for the world that is truer than this —
For the rest of the Eden above.

I will not reproach thee! although thou hast turned
All the fountain of joy into tears;
I will not reproach thee, although I have mourned,
O'er the mildew that blighted my years:—
The dreams, that like angels, came nightly to me;
And encamped round my sorrowless breast,
I never again in sweet slumbers may see,
Till forgetfulness lulls me to rest.

I will not reproach thee!—*thy dark hour shall come*,
When the love thou hast flung from thee here,
A specter, will rise in the joys of thy home,
There to crush, and o'erwhelm thee with fear—
I know thou wilt tremble, for phantoms shall throng
In the portals that lead to thy heart,
In dreams thou shalt see the lips hallowed by song
Lying ghastly and speechless apart!

I can but forgive thee, but ah! like a curse
This forgiveness shall cling to thy soul!
And thoughts that will torture thy heart with remorse
Shall but darken, and deepen the whole:
The past, it shall mock thee, when drooping thy head
By the clay that once loved thee so well,
And looks of the pale and the passionless dead,
In thy memory, forever shall dwell!

THE BROKEN HEART.



Poor broken heart! so crushed and helpless lying;
I knew thee in thy fresh and early youth,
When all the sweet, young hopes, now dead, or dying,
Sprang into life with beauty, trust, and truth.
How strong and vigorous, then, thy pulse's beating,—
What ardent, eager life leaped through thy veins!
When Love and Hope, two mighty currents, meeting,
With glowing waves gave each a silent greeting,—
And rolled together through life's arid plains.—
Poor Broken Heart!

Truth, Trust, and Tenderness! the fairest features,
Stamped by Humanity upon thy face;—
Strong love for God, and God's unfaithful creatures;
All kindly feelings for thy fallen race,—

These marked thine early years—young years of gladness!

When thou wert spotless as the newborn light,
Ere crossed thy threshold, gloom, or grief, or sadness,
Or woes that drove thee to the verge of madness,
Enshrouding thee in darkness thick as night—
Oh, Broken Heart!

And *once* what dreams of life stole gently o'er thee,
What joy to quench thy thirst at each bright stream,
Each well of bliss that opened up before thee
Its sparkling waters in life's morning beam:
Then angels came with peaceful ministration,
With softest solace for each passing sigh;
And God's sublime, and glorious, wide creation!
Claimed all the incense of each sweet oblation
For lessons taught, which but with thee can die—
Poor Hopeless Heart!

How didst thou tremble, when Love, like a river,
First overwhelmed thee with its waters deep;
Oh! had the waves but calmly flowed forever,
I should not now thy hapless shipwreck weep;

But dark suspicions, doubts, like storms, assailed thee,
And thou wert driven from thy peaceful shore,
When all of Hope, of Earth, of Heaven, failed thee,
Then those, who scorned, in piteous tones bewailed
thee,

For they might mar thy rest nor beauty more —
Poor Broken Heart!

How wert thou stricken when Death's icy finger
Pressed down the long fringed lids of sweet young
eyes,
Which seemed, with fond and earnest looks, to linger
On those best loved beneath the bending skies.
Didst thou not strive with passionate caresses,
To hold these frail ones in their beauty here?
But they, with dewy lips and golden tresses,
Returned to Earth, who now their slumber blesses
With daylight's rosy beam and evening's tear,
Oh, Broken heart!

Poor stricken heart, now softly, faintly throbbing,
No hand can string anew thy broken chords,
No voice may still thy languid, feeble sobbing,
Or soothe thy weary hours with gentle words!

'Tis death in life! a palsy rests forever

On all thy hopes—they bent beneath the spell
As early blossoms which the north winds sever,—
Then give to joy, to strength, to all endeavor

A lasting, hopeless, long, and wide farewell!—

Poor Broken Heart!

MORNING.

A BREATH of summer air,
Laden with foreign odors rare,
Steals through my casement, while the drowsy hours
Fly from voluptuous morn,
Whose gold and purple lights are born,
Where dews weigh down the cool hearts of the flowers.

The tremulous light of day,
Kindles the Eastern mountain way —
And to its dark abyss, the dusky night returns;
Through green and lonely dells,
Where the full heart of Silence swells,
Heaven's orb of fire with mildest luster burns.

In clouds of wreathing snow,
Where the low-lulling streamlets flow,
In graceful garlands, round the mountain's head, —
Bright shines the diamond mist,
Like beauty's scarf, by moonbeams kissed,
Or angel vestments o'er an Eden spread!

Along the grassy aisles,
Where the green forest broadly smiles,
The moist, plump berries, shine among their leaves,
And from the trampled flowers
Of odorous herbs and spice-wood bowers,
A subtile fragrance o'er each bruised leaf grieves.

The birds, with jocund voice,
Make all the hills and groves rejoice,
With flowing cadence of delicious song!—
The clouds, as in a dream,
Move far above the lazy stream,
That shadows beauty as they glide along.

And human life awakes,
And from the bonds of slumber breaks,
Pouring its tides through all the city's veins:
Upon his feverish bed,
The languid sufferer turns his head,
And hails the morning light amidst his pains.

From the glad realm of dreams,
Its heaven-capped mounts and silvery streams;
From groves and gardens of supreme delight,
The wandering spirits come
Back to the eddying strife and hum,
To chase dim shadows through this world of night!

Back to the toil and rust,
Turning to stone our human dust;
Back to the crushing cares that come with years,
Which make deaf ears and cold,
To the beggared, weak, and old,
And scorch Youth's flowery path with burning tears.

Ay, these are they, that crave
The deep oblivion of the grave!
That long to fall asleep forevermore—
Let us pray their weary eyes
May unclothe in Paradise,
When Morning breaks on the Eternal Shore!

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

I BLESS Thee, Father! for that secret power
That fills my soul with many a voiceless song;
That smiles in beauty on the darkest hour,
And 'midst its sufferings makes the wrung heart
strong;
That power that lifts us from this duller sphere,
Rolling oblivion o'er each haunting care,
That finds a rapture in the secret tear,
The multitude can never know nor share;
I bless Thee, for the sweet transporting thrill
My being feels when looking on Thy works,
From boundless Ocean to the smallest rill,
From grove to forest where the red man lurks,
Or steals, ere long, to gaze upon the sea;
His heart, as treacherous and wild,—his limbs as
free!

I bless Thee, for the sunshine on the hills,—
For Heaven's own dew-drops in the vales below,—
For rain, the parent cloud, alike distils,
On the fond bridegroom's joy—the mourner's woe!
And for the viewless wind, that gently blows
Where'er it listeth, over field and flood,
Whence coming, whither going, no man knows,
Yet moved in secret, at Thy will, Oh! God!
E'en now it lifts a ring of shining hair
From off the brow close to my bosom pressed—
The loving angels scarce have brows more fair
Than this, that looks so peaceful in its rest:—
We bless Thee! Father, for our darling child,
Oh! like Thine angels make her, innocent and mild!

I rise, and bless Thee, for the morning hours;
Refreshed and gladdened by a timely rest,
When thoughts, like bees, rove out among the flowers,
Still gathering honey where they find the best:
And for the gentle influence of the night
(Oh! Heavenly Father! do we bend the knee),
That shuts the curtains of our mortal sight,
Yet leaves the mind, with range, and vision free,—
For dreams! the solemn, weird and strange, that come
And bear the soul to an elysian clime,—
Unvailing splendors of that better home
Where angels minister to sons of time!

For all thy blessings that with sleep descend,
Our hearts shall praise Thee, God, our Father and
our friend!

And yet, for more than these, I bless Thee still!

For more than mind hath thought, or lip hath sung,
For that, to which in life's most desperate ill,
Thy martyred saints like dying heroes clung!
For that which gilds despair, and gives a breath
Of gladness to this cavernous vale of gloom;
That spreads bright sunshine round the bed of death,
And leaps the darkness that engulfs the tomb!
That mounts on pinions through the circling air,
And sweeps through regions of the blackest night:—
No tongue may tell, what he may do or dare,
Who bears within this wondrous scroll of light!
Like the still voice of God, it calms the spirit's strife,
And kneeling thus, we bless Thee! for the MORE OF
FUTURE LIFE!

SILVER WAVES.



SILVER waves! Silver waves!
Flowing to sweet music's law,
On the shore your brightness laves,
I kneel in rapturous awe;—
There's not a cloud upon the sky,—
Moon and stars are floating by,
Dimpling all the waters near,
With sparkles, bright as Beauty's tear;—
Silver waves—silver waves,
Thus forever onward flow,
Breathe no whisper of the graves
That lie so cold below.

Silver waves! silver waves!
Singing, rippling up the beach,
There's not a shell yon islet paves,
But may a lesson teach:

Hark! they moan unto the breeze,
In ceaseless songs, of distant seas;
Thus a heart, whose joys are fled,
Sighs and sorrows o'er its dead:—
 Silver waves—silver waves,
 Thus forever onward flow,
Breathe no whisper of the graves,
 That lie so cold below.

Silver waves!—silver waves!
 Fare ye well; it is the hour,
When midnight from its dusky caves,
 Comes forth with solemn power:—
The long-forgotten rise around,—
Pale shadows creep along the ground,
And mocking lips to mine are pressed,
Which once my happier moments blessed,—
 Silver waves!—silver waves,
 In mournful music onward flow,
While these phantoms from their graves,
 In starlight, come and go.

THE LITTLE FLOWER-SEED.

I WAS a little wayward child, and knelt beside *her* knee,
Who taught my infant lips to pray, to Thee, Oh! God,
to Thee!

My childhood's busy day had passed, and twilight meek
and mild,

Lay on the throbbing brow of Earth, like slumber on a
child.

I knelt me gently at her knee, and Evening's herald-star,
In all its spring-tide loveliness, streamed on us from
afar:

There lay within my tiny grasp, a seed of nut-brown
hue,

She promised that my hands should sow, when fell the
morning dew.

My treasure then, to her I gave, and laid me down to rest,
While sleep, with all its dreamy train, stole gently o'er
my breast:

With what delight, when morning's beam across my
chamber fell,

I rose, and hastened to her side, I'll linger not to tell.

The sun had risen o'er the hill, the mist rose in the
vale;

And on the sparkling river's breast swept by the swelling
sail:

My first, and sweetest memories, are of that blessed spring,
When hours were long, and sunshine warmed and smiled
on everything.

That picture still, I clearly see, limned by sweet memory's
hand;

And still in day-dreams wander back to childhood's fairy
land,—

Though all the hopes that budded then, now lie with
drooping head,

Within my heart's cold narrow cells, like rows of spectral
dead.

But on that fair and pleasant morn, my heart no grief
had known,

And holding fast the little seed I wandered forth alone:

Within a sweet and shady place, where taller blossoms
grew,
I laid the tiny, nut-brown seed, beneath the mould and
dew.

Each twilight bore me to the spot—each morning saw
me there,
For *she* had said it soon would rise and colored blossoms
bear;
The sunshine struggled to its home, among the sheltering
leaves,
And sparkling raindrops gathered there, when rose the
summer breeze.

They told me, Earth, its mother was, and nourished it
below,
And moistened it with little rills, which God had caused
to flow.
One morning, how my heart did beat, when looking close,
I found
A tiny, white, and slender stalk, was shooting through the
ground.

How fast and silently it grew! how quick the leaflets
came;
And soon a little bud appeared, tinged like a crimson
flame;

When all its silken leaves uncoiled, I saw it upward turn,
To catch the drop that nightly fell, within its polished
urn.

One morn I stole, with thoughtful pace, to my accustomed
haunt,
When prostrate on th' unconscious Earth, lay blossom,
leaf, and plant—
I grieved me then, as children grieve, and weeping, vainly
sought,
For that, which had untimely death unto my treasure
brought.

And, when in after, riper days, our FATHER did us bless,
With one sweet bud, to watch and love, with holy ten-
derness;
I thought upon the blighted plant I raised in early years,
And on my new-born blossom's brow, rained down some
burning tears.

Alas! He was an annual too, which early frosts did crisp,
When first his little voice began a mother's name to
lisp:—
They bore him to his garden-spot, and there, in shade, he
lies;
But, like the seed I sowed in hope, we know, he too, will
rise.

I mourned not as I've heard those mourn, who have no
faith to bear
Their spirits up, beneath the weight of crushing, deep
despair;
But dried my tears with faltering hand, resolved to bear
my part,
And wear within a wounded breast, a cheerful, humble
heart.

Two other flowers were given us—of them I dare not
speak,
For tears have overwhelmed mine eyes, and tremble on
my cheek;—
Enough to know, that once they lived, and all too early
died—
That in one little garden-spot, they slumber side by side.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh! RAYLESS morn, that brings no dawn to me!

Though linked by gold to chariot of the sun,
The rose-clad hours, with fresh and sparkling glee,

Dance down the Heaven's blue slope, till, like a nun,
Sad Twilight comes—her veiled face bowed in prayer,

Above the couch, where rests departed day;
One jewel gleaming through her purple hair,
Ere starry evening sweeps her shadowy form away.

All night I tossed upon a billowy deep—

A surging sea of black, o'erwhelming waves,
That rolls along thy marge, oblivious sleep!

Flowing from horrid springs, in secret caves:
All night a hideous dream lay at my heart,

And poured its venom in my shrinking ear;
At every breath, a stinging swarm would start,
And light upon my soul, that shook with aspen fear.

Small fiery serpents ate into my breast,—
And evil things, that nameless live and die,
Sucked all the honey from my hours of rest,
Scaring sweet sleep from off the drooping eye;
Whence the affrighted seraph quickly fled
To tear-wet orbs, which soon forgetful grew,
Of all their sorrows, by affliction bred,
And in Elysian bowers, lost dreams beheld anew.

But oh! no slumberous balm, with healing power,
Fell on my waiting, longing, hoping eyes,
Though darkness came, and shut the tender flower
That opens only to the sunlit skies;—
Though each small blade of grass, and quivering leaf,
By grateful showers, and Heaven's own breezes nursed,
Drank in, with rapture, night's delicious grief—
My lips were parched and dry—my being racked with
thirst.

Time's leaden wheel moved all too sluggish then,
Though each slow revolution furrowed deep
The field of Hope, whose azure-blooming grain
The canker-worm and blighting mildew reap.
The stars walked silently the halls of Night,
Where, ever and anon, one seemed new-born;
The increasing moon, in bark of silvery light,
Rode down the ethereal waves, and sunk before the
morn!

Then dawn crept up behind the freshened hills,
And all the fires went slowly out above:
The gates of sleep unlocked, a thousand rills
Of music poured from pluméd tree and grove:
Upon the dew-fringed boughs, the little birds
Perched high, and mocked me with their warbling glee:
The tinkling bells of distant browsing herds
Won from my palsied sense, no answering melody.

The morn had come to earth, and night was o'er;
The waves, enkindled by the flames of day,
Lay like a shining girdle round the shore,
Or dashed the wingéd barge with diamond spray:—
The morn had come, but brought no dawn to me;
The gulfs of darkness yawned before my sight,—
While lean Despair, with torturing, ghostly glee
Shrieked, “never, never more,” and shut the gates of
light!

THE FARMER'S SONG.

THE meadow-grass awaits the scythe,
The clover-blooms invite the bees,
And many a song is caroled blithe
By minstrels of the bough and breeze:
I've wandered out since early dawn,
The morning dews are sweet to me,
Each graceful shrub upon the lawn
Assumes the shape of CAROLIE.
Oh! CAROLIE—young CAROLIE!
A loving heart I bear for thee,
My fortunes, humble though they be,
Are not disdained by CAROLIE.

I drive the freshened team afield,
Or guide the plow with steady hand;
The harvests their abundance yield
To us, who sow and till the land.

I stand amid my native woods
A son of nature, simple, free,—
Or seek the mossy solitudes,
With winsome, modest CAROLIE!
Oh, CAROLIE! wise CAROLIE!
Not all the schools could teach to me
That which I've learned in loving thee,
My heart's instructor—CAROLIE.

The forest is my favorite book,
I daily bend above its leaves;
The cheerful music of the brook
Makes glad my heart, but never grieves,—
While oft, in cities, music's breath
Is but delicious mockery;
The lip may sing, the heart beneath
Be dead, or breaking, CAROLIE.
Oh, CAROLIE, pure CAROLIE!
Thou couldst not be so dear to me
If thou to Fashion bowed the knee,
My simple, artless CAROLIE!

In heart, she's tender as a child;
She's loving, trustful, kind, and true;
A blossom, blooming in the wild,
Where fairer blossom never grew—
In every green and fragrant grove,

Where roves the humming-bird or bee,
I've told the flowers my happy love,
And borne them home to CAROLIE.
Oh! CAROLIE, dear CAROLIE,
More wealthy suitors there may be,
But I for thee, and thou for me,—
This, this contents us, CAROLIE!

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

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INSCRIBED TO E. C. HAWKINS, ESQ.  
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“I HAVE brought you a beautiful bird, mamma! —
A bird without feather or wing;
They said, if I spoke not a word, mamma,
The birdie MIGHT whistle and sing!

“Then they caught it, and put it in here, mamma,
And fastened it close in its case;
And they told me to bring it to dear mamma,
And ask her to show me its face.”

I opened the clasp, and before me there sat,
Like an alderman, filling his chair,
A queer little rogue, with a mantle and hat,
And solemn and wondering air!

Enraptured I gazed, while the dear little elf
Stood pleading, in vain, to be heard:—
“You look a long time, now I want it MYSELF;
Oh, mamma, do give me the bird!”

Thou lark of my bosom, thy dear infant voice
Is sweeter by far to my ear
Than melodies warbled, where forests rejoice,
In the brightness and bloom of the year.

Thou'rt nestled away in the folds of my heart,
Like youth on the bosom of Love;
Oh! never may fowler allure with his art
My sweet "tassel gentle" to rove.

Though storm-winds may rise, and sunder the bough
That shelters thine innocent head,
Yet while it has vigor to shield thee, as now,
No tempest need fill thee with dread.

The artist who drew my young bird in his snare,
And penciled, with beams of the sun,
A picture with truth, life, and beauty so rare,
Has fairly a recompense won.

I've coined him a verse from the mint of the mind —
The trifle to him shall belong; —
With many warm wishes, both friendly and kind,
Sir Artist, accept of this Song.

A LETTER.

THE wild wind 's abroad o'er the Earth, my love,
The stirrer of tempest and storm,
And see how the cloud-shapen warriors above,
Their hosts on the battle-field form :
On, onward in close-serried ranks they come,
The stars in their watch to appall,
And as armies on Earth to the stirring drum,
They march at the Thunderer's call !

The moon struggled up from the silver-tipped wave,
With a flushed and an angry brow,
But darkness, as black as the hungry grave,
Is enshrouding her pallid face now ;
Low down in the West, is a fringe of soft light
That edges with gold a dark cloud ;
One glow-worm-star stands alone in the night,
And the owlets are shrieking aloud !

The grass is as dry as the mourner's eye,
When hot tears, there are none to weep:
And the swallow is scared from its perch on high,
While the infant moans in its sleep:
A wail of lost spirits is on the breeze,
That rattles the lattices round,
And rustles the leaves on the tossing trees,
With a chilling and moaning sound.

I've waited full long for this elfish hour,
For down in my bosom's strange deep,
An echo responds to the weird-like power
That startles the winds from their sleep:
They may tremble, who will, at the lightning's blaze,
At the flash of each fiery dart,
I still on its fierceness and splendor can gaze,
Undismayed, and unshrinking at heart!

I know that thy nature is like unto mine,
As a star may look down on the sea,
And back from the deep its own image will shine —
Thus my soul is reflected in thee!
The pen that I hold, with its sharp point of steel,
Is alluring the lightning's blue flame,
And I know at this moment thy spirit will feel,
A rapture too deep for a name!

For the wires that stretch from the East unto West,
 (Swift messengers wingéd by light),
Thrill not so soon to the magnet's sure test,
 As these chords that our beings unite.
Though seas should divide, and between us should rise
 A desert—a wilderness wide,
In my heart's inmost core there quickening lies,
 A something, would leap to thy side!

In sunshine and tempest, in weal and in woe,
 Belovéd! wherever thou art,
With whatever of sorrow, thy soul shall o'erflow,
 Or of joy, that shall gladden thy heart,—
I still will be with thee, to suffer and share,
 To mingle my hopes with thy fears;
For the love, that life's danger and evil can dare,
 Cannot die with the perishing years!

THE LITTLE MAID AND HER BIRD.



DESERTED home and forsaken hearth!

Where has the step of the graceful gone?
Shaded and dim was the beautiful Earth,
When the star of your heaven went out ere dawn.

Where is the light of her sunny brow?

Where is the flash of her loving eyes?
And the rounded cheek, with the roseate glow
Of blossoms that open in Paradise?

Quenched in the night of the cruel grave—

Crisped by the frosts of the spoiler, Death;
Away in the depths of his silent cave,
He feasts on the sweets of her honeyed breath!

Where are the waves of her flowing hair?

The infant voice with its silvery glee?
The delicate step, and the dainty air,
And bosom as fair as the angels be?

Down in the lone and mysterious tomb,
 All the bright threads of her rippled hair,
 Cannot illumine the sunless gloom,
 For darkness and Change, are brooding there.

Over the snow of her baby breast,
 Lightly are folded the waxen hands,
 She sleeps, like a seraph, that steals to rest,
 By the chiming streams, in the heavenly lands!

Under the fingers, so dimpled and white,
 Lies the bright form of a minstrel bird;
 But, never more, at the closing of night,
 Shall its mellow strains in the morn be heard.

It drooped, when the dear little hand that fed,
 Came to caress and to feed no more;
 And when she departed, they found it dead
 In the gilded cage, by its prison door!

Dust unto dust—let the violets spring,
 And boughs of white roses above her wave,
 And living birds in their nests shall sing
 A dirge for the one in the maiden's grave!

"THE DEAD VISIT US IN DREAMS."



WHEN this frame is lulled to slumber,
By the silence of the night;
And my soul from chains that cumber,
Wings a swift and transient flight:

In what island, of yon ocean
Blue and trembling, filling space;
Star-like in its shape and motion,
Shall I see thy sainted face?

If in Aiden, I should meet thee,
In the dreamer's holy land;
With what presence wouldst thou greet me?
In what guise before me stand?

Shall I know thee, by the flowing
Of thy tresses, long and bright?
Shall I know thee by the glowing
Of those orbs of azure light?

Can I claim thee by the glory
That surrounds thine angel brow?
Or behold there Death's pale story,
That so crushed me here below!

Wilt thou glide once more before me,
In the garb of other years?
Ere from these fond arms they tore thee,
Leaving madness in my tears!

Will thy voice in lute-like measure,
Sweetest music softly toll,
Bringing with its own deep pleasure,
Recognition to my soul!

Shall I call thee, fairest, dearest,
By the tender names of yore,—
Only love! my heart's sincerest,
For I wear thee at the core!

Cruel frost! that came and blighted
Loveliest blossom of the spring,
Come unto this breast benighted,—
All thy icy terrors bring!

I would brave the rushing river,
Rolling through the vale of death,
Might I clasp again forever,
One who perished at thy breath.

But in vain,—I can but meet her
In the mystic realm of dreams;
There, indeed, my soul may greet her,
By the ever-murmuring streams!

In what island of yon ocean,
Blue and trembling, filling space,
Star-like in its shape and motion,
Shall I see thy sainted face?

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

~~~~~  
INSCRIBED TO CORDELIA.  
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It is night in my bosom, oh! would thou wert here,
To brighten the darkness and banish my fear!
But away with all gloom—not a shadow shall rise
Between my fond thought and thy beautiful eyes.

Beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!
No gem ever shone under Orient skies,
That could dazzle the sight like thy beautiful eyes!

Whether softened by love, or all sparkling with light,
They shine on my spirit like stars on the night;
One glance is a volume, such eloquence lies
In the fathomless depths of thy beautiful eyes!

Beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!
ITALIA may boast of the blue of her skies,
I sing the bright hue of thy beautiful eyes!

As the still waters gleam through a fringe of dark
leaves,

Where the ring-dove at evening in melody grieves,
Thus streams of soft light from their deep wells arise,
And shine through the fringe of thy beautiful eyes.

Beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!
More changeful and glowing than Florida's skies—
All bend to the glance of thy beautiful eyes!

Oh! dark is the tress on thy forehead of snow,
And thy heart is the ring-dove that murmurs below;
That thrills us with gladness, or saddens with sighs,
As it smiles—as it weeps, through thy beautiful eyes.

Beautiful eyes! beautiful eyes!
The monarch his gems and his jewels may prize,
But their luster is dim by thy beautiful eyes!

THE WIDOW:

I KNEW in childhood's years, a matron beauty,
Around whom lingered all the charms of youth;
In her had passion early bent to duty,
And woman's pride to woman's fervent truth.
Men called her fair, but words of admiration
Fell lightly on her cold and careless ear,
Though she was lovely as the fond creation
That haunts the fancy of a dreaming seer.

Her brow was like the queenly night's in splendor,—
Its snow, the moonlight pure, might not eclipse;
Her eyes made starlight, liquid, deep, and tender,—
Bright scarlet broidered o'er her loving lips.
I saw her in the crowd, the worshiped only,
Where flatterers thronged, and fawning steps drew
near;
I saw her in the hut or cottage lonely,
With gentle soothing hand, and angel tear.

They knew her not, that called her cold, unloving—
They knew her less, who thought her life too gay;
For, like a planet in its orbit moving,
She held o'er all her shining steady way.
Thus she became to me a special wonder,
Whose elements, I longed to have revealed,—
Knowing that fire oft swept the surface under,
While outwardly, the snow and ice congealed.

At length I heard from those sweet lips her story,—
Her brow was calm, though tremulous her voice;
She spoke of one, her young life's hope and glory;
An early passion—a young maiden's choice.
She loved, as woman loves, and trusted blindly,
As woman trusts, the idol of her dreams;
Her bosom warm, and innocent, and kindly,
Ne'er mirrored doubt upon its sunny streams.

They proved him false! nay, worse—a reckless
scorner

Of all things holy, good, and true:—at best
His love had but the scathing whirlwind borne her;
Enough:—she tore his image from her breast!
Long months had passed—her very heart seemed
frozen;

No breath might warm the cold dead ashes there;
Still she the wiser, better path had chosen,
And faith upheld her in her soul's despair.

At length one came — not with old love's caresses,
While overacting the adorer's part,
But, as the sun shines down, and gently blesses
The drooping flower,—thus shone he on her heart.
She told him of her first, her darkest trial,—
His love, unselfish, but the stronger grew;
And as the hours flew by, on life's pale dial,
The wedded pair a quiet rapture knew.

But, in their Eden, Death, remorseless, entered,
And left her desolation's cup to drain;
The hopes fresh budding, and the love fresh centered,
Shrunk 'neath the blight, like fields of thirsty grain.
She walked alone, most lovely in her sadness,
Still sought of many — giving love to none;
Unto the lowly, a bright dream of gladness,—
But, to the world, the cold and heartless one!

FAITHFUL LOVE.

Our love came, as a dream of Spring
Comes o'er the sleeping Earth ;
And gave the heart's young flowering buds
An instant, pangless birth :
Our life had been a winter-toil, —
Our hearts were as a winter-soil, —
A frozen, sterile ground ;
Till thoughts of love, on glittering wing,
Like birds, gave harbinger of spring, —
Then verdure sprang around.

Our love came, as the early dew
Comes unto drooping flowers ;
Dropping its first sweet freshness down
On life's dull, lonely hours :
As each pale blossom lifts its head,
Revived with blessings nightly shed,

By summer breeze, and dew,—
Oh! thus our spirits rose beneath
Love's gentle dews and living breath,
To drink of life anew!

Our love came as the morning light
Comes to a darkened world,
When, from the eastern battlements,
Bright banners are unfurled:
Then, as the nations rise from sleep,
Rose, in our hearts, the passions deep
Which silence watched above;—
And life, warm life, the wondrous, strong,
In mighty currents swept along
'Neath banners of our love!

Our love flows, as a river flows
Within its borders green;
Though on its surging bosom oft,
A hapless wreck is seen:—
Unskillful hands may guide the helm,
And waves the bark may overwhelm,—
The river runneth still;
And ever in its channel flows,—
And singing toward the Ocean goes—
Forgetting every ill!

I NEVER WRONGED THEE.

I NEVER wronged thee! yet, when daylight slumbers,
And Earth lies folded to her midnight dreams;
When shine the countless stars, whose host outnumbers
The restless sands that flash where Ocean gleams; —
Then, when this heart so lonely, cold, and weary,
Chafes in its prison, like a captive bird,
Thy form amid night's gloom and shadows dreary,
Steals in with quivering lip, and mocking word!

I never wronged thee! yet thy presence haunts me,
I know thou'rt distant and yet deem thee near;—
I hear thy whispered tones—thy pale brow daunts me,
Filling mine inmost soul with dread and fear:
Why should I drink thus deep of grief and sorrow?
Why mourn in secret o'er the changeless past?
No hope for coming years—each pale to-morrow
With darker, deeper shadows overcast!

I never wronged thee!—vows were never spoken,
Sweet-worded vows of trembling, deathless love!—
Too many such are breathed—too many broken,
Laughed at by Earth, though sacred deemed above:
Why then reproach me? oh! thou gentle-hearted,
Why ban and banish quiet from this breast?
Had we not gladly met, or sadly parted,
One heart, at least, might still have dreamed of rest.

I never wronged thee!—yet my doom is ever
To wake and weep—to weep and wake again;—
Eternal mind! oh, haughty, strong endeavor,
How have I wrestled with this ceaseless pain?
Still, still in silence thou dost come to mock me!
For thy soul's fearful grief *I* bear the blame—
One boon, oh, Death! to lasting slumbers rock me,
And blot from earth my being and my name!

KATHARINE.

THE morning dews hung heavy still,
When, following close a little rill,
I climbed a steep and wooded hill
Whose groves, so cool and green,
Sloped downward to the river's side,—
I heard the drowsy rippling tide,
And all the peaceful waters glide
Below me, KATHARINE.

I threw me on a mossy seat,
The wild flowers sprung about my feet,
And all sweet sounds mine ears did greet,
Amidst this summer scene;
My fingers clasped a book of rhymes,
Made in the quaint and olden times,
When Earth was red with many crimes,
My gentle KATHARINE!

And though with studious thoughts intent,
My wandering steps were thither bent,
Yet dearer ones to me were lent

Than I had found between
Those blackened lids, so damp and cold,
All covered with a bookish mould,
That thou and I had loved of old
To witness, KATHARINE.

I laid the cherished volume by,
And as I upward turned mine eye,
Caught rapturous glimpses of the sky

In all its glorious sheen;
And resting white and calmly there
Upon the thin and azure air,
And only than thy robes more fair,
The clouds hung, KATHARINE.

Low down amid the leafy gloom
The spider hung his cunning loom,
And insects blindly sought their doom

Beneath his glances keen;
While, close beside the wandering brook,
From out a green and secret nook,
I saw the blithesome squirrel look,
My merry KATHARINE!

And through the hazy depths around
There floated many a sylvan sound,
While shadows crept along the ground

With steps unheard, unseen : —

A spirit of the beautiful
Breathed on the dark, the cold, the dull,
And all my senses seemed to lull

To rapture, KATHARINE !

Then all the shapeless breezes came,
And each seemed whispering thy name,
My lips kept murmuring, too, the same ;

While birds the smallest seen
Melodiously caught up the chant,
And from each green and favorite haunt,
Where sunbeams brightly fell aslant,

They called thee, KATHARINE !

And then (I surely dreaming was),
But yet, methought I saw thee pass,
Thy light step pressing down the grass,

Thy graceful form and mien,
All fitting through the greenwood shade,
Or gliding down the shadowy glade,
Until thou didst in distance fade,

My fairy KATHARINE !

I knew that thou wert far away —
I knew that many a summer day,
With weary hours, before us lay,
 Ere I my brow should lean
Upon thy young and kindly breast,
Entreating thee to soothe to rest,
With all the songs I love the best,
 My heart, sweet KATHARINE!

Yet still this vision haunted me ;
Sometimes beneath a beechen-tree
I saw thee walking pensively ;
 Though long boughs swept between
And lovingly did interlace,
Enough I saw of form and face —
Enough of queenly woman's grace
 To know thee, KATHARINE.

A fearful thought o'ercame my heart,
And pierced me with an icy dart:
What if this shade were but a part
 Of that which thou hadst been ?
Oh ! what if thou hadst fled us here ?
I started up, in bitter fear,
And suddenly a bright, warm tear
 Fell downward, KATHARINE.

A thought of all my heart would feel,
In knowing one so fair and leal,
Should never more beside me kneel,
Or on my bosom lean,
Rushed o'er my soul so fearfully,
That I no beauty more could see
In all that had delighted me,
My darling KATHARINE!

How could I bear to look on high,
When all the stars were in the sky?
For that bright *one* would meet mine eye
Which was the bond between
Our spirits, in those parted hours,
When gazing on the dewy flowers,
Within the early primrose bowers,
I thought of KATHARINE.

With trembling steps, I fled the place,
Where I had dreamed of thy sweet face—
Of all thy witchery and grace,
And sought my soul to screen
From thoughts which, like a midnight knell,
Did all my fairy dreams dispel,
By hastening this tale to tell
To thee, dear KATHARINE!

LOVED ONLY.

Loved only, loved only! how can I forget
The evening, the moment, the spot where we met;
Young Autumn was tinging the forest with red,—
The blossoms that budded in summer were dead;
But others were there, in more gorgeous attire
With bosoms all flushed by the sun's sinking fire;
Thy glance was upon me, thy voice in my ear,—
I blushed, love, and trembled, but was it with fear?

Loved only, loved only! I ever have thought
That evening, that moment, with witchery fraught;
I strove to escape, but a spell was around
That 'reft me of motion, of strength, and of sound;—
I dared to look up, but my vision was dim—
I saw but the stars in the blue ether swim,—
Then something was whispered, and something replied,
And something was said of a bridegroom and bride!

Loved only, loved only! our hopes and our fears,
Our joys and our sorrows, our smiles and our tears,
Have mingled together and blended in one,
Like the close-wedded beams of a vertical sun:
My love and my joys, and my songs are all thine—
Thy love and thy griefs, and thy friendships are mine,
While Memory sits in her fondness apart,
To watch o'er these treasures that sleep in the heart!

Loved only! loved only! when fainting in death,
Let me clasp at thy hand, let me drink in thy breath:—
Thy heart may be heavy, thy spirit may grieve,
For sharp is the sword that thy bosom shall cleave.
But then, even then, shall my spirit rejoice
To float on the sound of thy love-tolling voice;—
I know that the pang will be sweetened by this,
And dying shall prove but the foretaste of bliss!

LOVE'S RECOLLECTION.

THE Spring has come! with all its wealth of roses,
Its young leaves glistening in the early dew;
The bride-like June fresh charms each hour discloses,
And skies, each moment, grow a darker blue!
The birds are here, with voices rich and mellow,
And in the cedars build their nursing nest;
Each loving thing hath sought its gentle fellow,
And each, according to its hope, is blest.

When Spring's first sunlight, through the forest streaming,
Clothed God's cathedral with its holy smile,
Like pale-faced nuns in their green cloisters dreaming,
The snowy mandrakes leaned across each isle.
Near by the stream, that steals along the meadow,
Long grasses quivered to the wooing wind;
And, in the hollows, hidden half, by shadow,
The fair young children timid flowerets find.

Near by that stream, I wandered once, enraptured
With one whose loveliness scarce seemed of Earth;
My heart and spirit both were fairly captured
By woman's graces, and by woman's worth.
I loved her fondly!—even unto madness;
Her gem-like eyes lit up my inmost soul!
Her smile was beauty's gentle smile of gladness,
Which fanned my passion to a living coal.

Again the hours, which swept, like rose leaves, o'er me,
Flit by on wings invisible to sight;
And once again her image floats before me,
Clothed in its vesture of angelic light.
I clasp her hand, and fold her to my bosom—
My lips are pressed upon her shining brow;
No more of Earth, she blooms, a Heavenly blossom,
And o'er my broken heart is bending fondly now.

Above her grave, the wild rose warmly blushes,
And by her side, our infant softly sleeps;
There still, when midnight all to slumber hushes,
One lonely spirit wakes, and wildly weeps.
The Summer days will pass, and Winter hoary
Shall scatter snow-wreaths o'er that sacred spot;
But her young soul, from glory unto glory,
Shall soar with angels, all her woes forgot!

HELEN.



TWIN gates before a palace rise—
Twin crystal gates of heavenly hue:
Within, a lurking angel lies,
While beams of light come stealing through
Those crystal gates of living blue!

This Palace rare, is HELEN's soul;
Whose roof with pendant jewels hung,
When touched, a gentle music toll—
Thought-music, echoed by her tongue,
Which from my lips this song hath wrung.

Twin portals of the stately soul,
Behold her eyes! so deeply bright,
Beneath whose drooping curtains stole
The lurking angel of Delight,
Entrancing now my earnest sight.

Within the dazzling Palace-gates,
Young, starry thoughts all quickening lie;
But they shall find no fitting mates
Beneath the pure, down-looking sky:
Offspring, like these, unwedded die!

Young HELEN's heart is pure and sweet
As early spring's first limpid dew,
That idle, wandering sunbeams greet
Within the violet's cup of blue,—
And soul and heart are fond as true.

A VISION.

WHEN the eve's low-drooping curtain,
 Fringed with darkness, shut the day,
And the moon, in waning beauty,
 Fled along the Heavenly way;
Then, God sent His dearest angel,
 Bearer of His blissful rest,
With the gracious balm of slumber,
 To my weak, o'erwearied breast.

Lo! the spell had scarcely bound me,
 When my heart leaped with affright,
For mine eyes beheld a vision,
 In the still-watch of the night!
I could hear my pulses throbbing
 Plainly, as along the beach
You may hear the child-waves sobbing,
 As they climb the gentle reach.

And the pall of silence round me,
Rustled with a fitful sound,
As if streams were darkly flowing
Through the chambers under ground!
Terror, for a moment, chilled me—
This, thought I, must be death's throe;
But too soon, a fever filled me,
With its fierce and fiery woe!

Then the vision, pale and shrouded,
Bent its cloudless eyes on mine,
Frozen terror—burning horror,
Fled beneath the glance benign:
And my soul stood up before it—
Great the calmness then within,
As I prayed, still struggling Heavenward,
“Father! shield thy child from sin!

“If this shade be sent to tempt me
In my sleep's unguarded hour,
Take this life, which thou hast lent me,
Ere I yield unto its power:”
Then the phantom smiled upon me
A most sad and tranquil smile;
And I knew no tempter sent it,
My poor spirit to beguile.

Nearer still, it drew, and nearer,
But no fear throbbed in my breast,
As it slowly, softly, murmured,
"Give to me, Belovéd, rest!
List! a power to me is granted,
Which thy soul cannot but share;
Thou shalt see the form and feature
Of this anguish that I bear."

Then the darkness shrunk and quivered,
And a flashing, joyous light
Swept the electric chain of being,
Chasing shadows from the night:—
And my sight grew stronger, clearer,
Piercing hidden things, divine;
While the vision, never moving,
Bent its cloudless eyes on mine.

What a world of deathless beauty!
(Signed and sealed by HIM alone),
On the brow and eyelids rested—
Round the lustrous presence shone!
There, I read, as in a volume,
Pages of unwritten lore;
Histories of a life so solemn,
That my tears flowed gently o'er.

There I saw a poet-spirit,
Made by suffering, pure and strong,
Thirsting for the living waters
Of the holier land of song!
Waters, by whose shores immortal,
Angels fold their starry wings,
List'ning at the Heavenly portal,
When their human brother sings.

There, that secret, silent sorrow,
Like the worm which never dies,
On his heart-blooms, ceaseless feasted,
Yielding fragrance in its sighs:
And this fragrance, flowing—flowing
Through the Poet's lofty rhyme,
Shall preserve his soul in freshness,
Through all ills of death and time.

Ask me not to name his anguish:
Bring me rather, lethean wine,
That my soul, may drink, forgetful,
Of this fearful knowledge mine:—
That I ne'er may see this phantom
Pointing to its bleeding breast,
As the pale lips ever murmur
“Give to me, Belovéd, rest!”

TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

I HAVE listened, gentle stranger, to thy voice's friendly
tones,
And my heart no kindlier interest, no happier influence
owns;
All that's truest, best in woman—all that's loveliest in
mind,
Are in thy lofty nature, in thy spirit rare, combined;
While they that list may read it in the soul-light of
thy face—
A bosom rich with sympathies for all thy wandering
race.

From the snow-capp'd hills of SWEDEN, from the BALTIC's
surging shore,
Thou hast come to charm the thousands thou hast
charmed so oft before;

From the dazzling icy regions of the wondrous midnight sun,
Thou art here to see what FREEDOM for this goodly land
hath done:

Yet before thee, o'er the ocean, swept the soft breath of
thy fame,

And a household word among us is the gentle stran-
ger's name.

By those glad and joyous beings thou hast conjured from
the deeps,

Where the wand of star-eyed Fancy o'er her shadowy
kingdom sweeps:

By the tender, solemn feelings thou hast wakened in the
soul,—

By the tides of loving memories that o'er our bosoms roll,
By the holy lights of genius, that so many hearts have
bless'd —

We welcome thee—Enchantress!—to the wild shores of
the west!

O'er the bright and laughing waters, where the Indian's
light canoe

Speeds like the winged petrel, when it skims the bound-
less blue;

On the broad and blooming prairie, where the wild steed
curbless flies,

And plains of waving verdure roll like seas beneath the skies,

There thine eyes have looked and lingered, and thy feet
the sod have press'd,
Where many a thrilling sacrifice has stained bright Na-
ture's breast.

From the orange groves and gardens of sweet jessamine
and rose,
From the wooing climes of sunshine where the queen
magnolia blows,
From each bay and isle and bayou—from each city on
the shore,
I seem to hear the voices that invite thy footsteps o'er:
O, may all the angel blessings that from thousand hearts
o'erflow,
Go with thee, gentle stranger, wheresoever thou shalt go!

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.
Now, within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known:
And strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams,
Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,
Dun shadows glide over the ground,
Where a water-course once, as it sparkled with light,
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around:

Long years have passed by since its bed became dry,
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the
sky
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,
Where the glow-worm, at noonday is trimming his lamp;
And hardly a sound, from the thicket around,
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,
Is heard by the toad, in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come—
The shade is too black for a flower;
And jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,
Never flash in the night of that bower:—
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the brake,
Lies amid the rank grass half asleep, half awake;
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its trail
Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like the toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them, in daylight, the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are by ivy o'ergrown:—

Their streams may go dry, and the wheels cease to ply,
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored guest,
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;
For no progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,
And the world's standing still with all of their kind:
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move, like the snail, in the crust of his shell;
Or live, like the toad, in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone,
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

MONODY.

RICHARD F. L'HOMMEDIEU.

BLEAK Winter trod the frozen land,
And Earth grew dark beneath his frown;
'Twas then, as ebb'd life's latest sand,
He of the open heart and hand,
To silence and to dust went down!

To silence and to dust, went down:
Though there no marble, false and cold,
Bears witness to a high renown,
His name shall live wherever known
The deeds that consecrate his mould.

The deeds that consecrate his mould!—
The widow's eye is sunk and dim;
She weeps to know his heart is cold,
Though still her children softly fold
Their little palms in prayer for him.

Their little palms in prayer for him—
 For him who brightened their young eyes,
 When Want, with hungry phantoms grim,
 Fed on their light, and made them dim
 As fallen stars from Paradise.

As fallen stars from Paradise!
 And yet like stars they beamed again;
 Like stars new set in azure skies,
 While he, their angel in disguise,
 Was blest among the sons of men.

Was blessed among the sons of men,
 For joy was in the widow's breast;
 And orphan hearts were happy then,
 And merry were their glances—when,
 He sank to his eternal rest!

He sank to his eternal rest!
 Whatever faults were his, forgive;—
 His charities were never dressed
 In flaunting garb, but mutely blessed
 Where boastful hands forgot to give!

THE MINSTREL'S LAST SONG.

THE spell is on me! one more song, my lute,
Or this wrung heart will of its fullness break!
In vain, in vain, the lips cannot be mute,
When from their lair the fiery passions wake:
"The still small voice" shall quell my soul no more,
Begone, remorseless fiend! and leave me now, —
Oh, maddening bliss! she comes! the loved of yore,
And lays her white hand on my throbbing brow!

I sing thy tuneful lips, thou queen of song!
I sing thy dazzling eyes, beloved and lost!
Nay, mock me not, with words of right and wrong,
When on this tempest-wave my soul is tossed.
Look in mine eyes with thy most glorious orbs —
"Smile to my smile," — return this long embrace —
All sense — all sight, the present hour absorbs,
Save the dear one of gazing on thy face.

Speak to me! worshiped of my boyhood's years,—
Speak to me! idol of my manhood's dreams,—
Away with doubt—away with dastard fears,
When on my sight, thy starry presence gleams!
Tell me not how they tore thee from my arms,—
Too well I know, they did this murderous deed;—
Lean on my breast, and hush these wild alarms,
Thy tears but make my bosom freshly bleed.

Drink of forgetfulness! sweet phantom, drink!
Let us be happy, though for one short hour;
If of a precipice, this be the brink,
We'll make it bright as some fair lady's bower!
But no, thou couldst not fall; thou'rt girt around
With guardian angels, each enfolding wing
About thy form of purity is wound;—
Not sin itself could harm so fair a thing.

Tell me, if ever, in thy midnight dreams,
My voice is heard amid the murmurs round?
Tell me, if ever, by those star-lit streams,
Thy shadow walks with mine, the hallowed ground?
Tell me, when others praise the songs I loved,
Or lightly sweep the tresses from thy brow,
Is thy fond heart by no remembrance moved?
Or in thy home am I forgotten now?

Tell me, if ever in thy waking hours,
My memory, though forbidden, finds a place?
Do mournful, mocking winds, or withered flowers,
Ne'er call a shadow to thy thoughtful face?
When thy lone heart grows heavy with its care,
Art thou not fearful that my own may sink
Beneath the burthen of this deep despair,
And plunge at once from sorrow's dizzy brink?

Oh! I could smite them, as they rudely stand,
Gazing with rapture on thy cheek's soft glow,
Or tear from out their clasp, thine own dear hand,
When lips profane are pressed upon its snow.
But thoughts like these are torture to my soul,
And dreams of thee, are agony of heart;
Come, stream of death, above the minstrel roll,
And with this song, let love and life depart!

TO ION.

ON the bough a bird is singing,
And a brook sings underneath;
Sweetest melodies are ringing
Through the forest—o'er the heath;
All the Summer's happy voices
Thrill the air with constant song,
And the minstrel-breeze rejoices,
As it lightly flits along.

Sings the wild wind on the mountain—
Sighs the zephyr through the vale,
And each torrent, rill, and fountain,
Pours its music on the gale!
River chanteth unto ocean,
And the glad waves to the shore;
Each, with harmony of motion,
Has its own melodious•lore.

Do you praise the birds for ringing
Through the green woods their delight,
Or the child-like waves, for singing
Where the sunbeams banish night?
These are moved by inward teaching,
And obey an impulse rare;
Birds and waves are gently preaching
To a soft and heavenly air.

Music is the soul of beauty,
Whence in harmony it flows—
Singing is the Poet's duty,
He no greater rapture knows!
With the birds, and winds, and waters,
I must sing through weal and woe,
Until all sweet Music's daughters,
Dumb and smitten, are brought low!

Not a pure nor kindred spirit
Shall respond in vain to mine;
Heirs of song! may ye inherit
Other graces more divine.
May the harps, now still or broken,
Sound again in realms more fair,
And the true thoughts, faintly spoken,
Find a clearer utterance there!

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

THE dark mould has hidden her lover from view —
He sleeps where the long grass is bending with dew;
The storm-wind may waken and rush o'er the land,
Yet stir not the blossoms that droop from his hand.

Oh! sadly she smiled when he whispered adieu,
For her heart, like his own, to her country was true;
But she wept when the sound of the bugle had died,
That wiled him away from his love—from his bride!

Beneath the fierce sun, on a Mexican plain,
Where the crimson-hued life-drops were flowing like
rain,
There the hot hail of battle beat down on his breast,
And he fell where he first drew his sword from its
rest!

Not far from the sea-shore they made him a grave,
And laid him to sleep by the low-moaning wave;
In his hand are the blossoms he grasped as he fell,
And his shroud is that banner he loved but too well.

She heard of the triumphs her country had won,
And bold deeds were sung, that the brave hearts had
done;
But naught of that ONE who was dearer than life,
Whose footstep was foremost when hottest the strife.

They dared not to whisper the truth in her ear,
The might of affection o'ercame them with fear;
They told her to hope—that the war-cry should cease,
And her lover return with the tidings of peace.

Its robes, green and silken, the Spring had unrolled,
And hill-side and meadow were dotted with gold;
The tempests were chained in their caverns, asleep,
And music and gladness swept over the deep!

She watched for him morning and evening, in vain,
Till the sickle was thrust in the tall, ripened grain,
Till the harvest was ended, the Summer was o'er,
And the wheat-sheaves lay loose on the white thrashing
floor.

Then hope, in her bosom, drooped, sickened and died,
And Death gently came to the soldier's young bride;
He breathed on her beauty and blighted her bloom,
And folded her arms in the night of the tomb.

It is said, that afar by the Mexican wave,
Where the star-spangled banner enshroudeth the brave,
When the moon's at her full and the heavens are bright,
Two spirits are seen at the dead of the night.

They whisper like lovers — like lovers they seem,
And walk in the moonlight like ghosts in a dream!
Each sunny-browed maiden their story can tell,
And point out the spot where the young hero fell.

THE END OF LIFE.

"He lived all the number of his days, and they were threescore years and ten."

AN OLD MAN sat by the window,
For the Spring was drawing near;
And the corse of the dead old Winter
Had gone to the tomb of the year!
The sunlight, soft and unclouded,
Streamed in o'er the oaken floor,
And fretted with gold, the dark panels,
Quaintly carved in the ancient door.

The hands of the OLD MAN trembled,
His beard was frosted and thin,
And chill as the heart of December
Was the heart that was tolling within:
Like embers half-quenched and dying,
On a desolate hearth at night,
Burned the ashes of life in his bosom,
As he sat in the Spring's clear light.

He looked on the young buds swelling,
And a tear o'er his wrinkles strayed;
He thought of the wife of his bosom,
Who slept in the valley's green shade;
He saw how her footsteps had faltered,
Midway on the journey of life;
And how on Death's bosom she rested,
When wearied and worn with the strife.

The forms of his innocent children
She nightly had folded in prayer,
And laid on the soft lap of slumber,
With tender and motherly care,
Rose up in the OLD MAN's vision—
E'en the one that had tired and slept,
Like a lamb, by the side of its mother,
Where a willow leaned over and wept.

One son had since wandered from virtue—
The father in spirit had yearned
To grant him forgiveness and blessing,
But the prodigal never returned;
Another had wedded with Mammon,
And worshiped the Prince of this world;
And one 'neath the CROSS had enlisted,
And stood where its banners unfurled.

A daughter, the fairest and dearest,
In loveliness walked by his side,
Nor envied the lot of her sisters,
Who dazzled with beauty and pride;
Her voice, was his heart's sweetest music,
When from the blest volume she read,
That brightens the valley of shadow,
And smooths down the path to the dead.

For all his affliction and sorrow —
For all his misgivings and grief —
For the night of his doubting and darkness,
He found in its pages relief:
His life had been checkered with sadness,
And as it drew near to its close,
He longed for that home of the weary —
The Land of Immortal Repose!

The OLD MAN sat by the window —
As the sun dropped low in the sky;
His spirit, with silent rejoicing,
Went up to its mansion on high.
Another green hillock, in Summer,
Received the baptism of dew,
And down in the dust of the valley
He rests by the tender and true!

MY FRIEND.

DEAR Mary, in the month of May,
I met thee where the early flowers
Upon earth's quickening bosom lay,
Their slight cups filled by dewy showers: •
Throughout that month, so calm and sweet,
Through each succeeding summer day,
Our hearts as one together beat—
Our paths as one together lay.

How often, when each burning light
That brightest gleams in rosy June,
Star-fretted the dim halls of night,
And gemmed the palace of the moon—
How oft on those love-beaming eves,
Beneath the clear o'erarching blue,
We wandered where the lustrous leaves
Were folding up the starry dew.

How often, then, with calm eyes raised
And white arm pointing toward the sky,
Where nightly on their altars blazed —
The planet-fires that never die,
I've heard thy voice, in cadence low,
Pour forth a glowing eloquence,
And longed that every heart might know
Thine own, so filled with excellence.

Oh! on those eves, our feet were lost
The sweet, white clover-blooms among,
While all thy wealth of curls was tost
By every breeze that stole along;
By every breeze that lulled the pines,
And cradled the young flowers to rest,
That wandered through the mazy vines,
Or stirred the wild bird in her nest.

I've drawn thee closer to my side
And pressed thy lips yet warmer still,
As leaning from the casement wide
We mocked the wailing whip-por-will;
I've read each pure and lovely thought
That dwelt upon thy maiden brow,
And prayed life's moments might be fraught
With more of bliss than all might know.

But all too soon that Summer slept,
And Autumn stained the sod and leaf,
As o'er our throbbing bosoms swept
The passion of our parting grief;
And mingled with our tears there came
A feeling, half of jealous fear,
Lest Mary, with another name,
Should greet me ere another year.

But I have clasped thee to my heart,
My Mary still, in name and youth;
No lover, with a common art,
May lightly win sweet Mary's truth;
For though her heart is fond and warm,
Her soul is pure and lofty too,
And they, who would another charm,
Might fail, if Mary they should woo.

TO FRANCES.

Low in the depths of thy young thoughtful eyes,
I see faint shadows of the spirit-clime;
Its peaceful streams and blue unclouded skies,
And burning stars, undimmed by death or time,
In changeful beauty shine upon me there,
Amid the softened radiance of thy golden hair.

Sweet angel-child! a joy to me is given,
To dream and wonder o'er a lot like thine;
So dear to those on Earth,—so near to Heaven,
That through thy windowed eyes its splendors shine;
Nor love, nor hate, nor blot, thy soul hath known,
All spotless thou wilt kneel before the Father's throne.

Mine art hath died within me, and my song
Is but the echo of a broken lute,
Above its chords I may not linger long—
For, like thine own, my lips may soon be mute:
Yet where thou goest I would gladly go,
To tread the far-off land where fadeless blossoms grow.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

I COULD not dream that thou wouldst change
With every passing hour,
That, like the bee, thy heart would range
From passion-flower to flower:—
I dared to hope, a love like mine,
Might chain that restless soul of thine,
With a resistless power!

Within my bosom's inmost fold,
I held thee clasped for years!
And still, those perished dreams of old,
The present hour endears:
Oh! hadst thou but this coldness shown,
Ere I a woman's love had known,
Unwept had been these tears!

As some pale blossom lifts its form
Beneath a smiling sky,
When summer wind and sudden storm,
Have rudely swept it by;

Thus stand I, on the verge of spring,
A lonely, shattered, shipwrecked thing,
Whose life's a "living lie!"

Each moment that I pass with thee,
But fills me with regret;
In vain the spirit would be free,
A spell is on it set,—
For, while these wild emotions rise,
And rush from heart to lip and eyes,
I never may forget!

I sink to sleep—but sleep no more
Can bring to me repose;
I bear unto its shadowy shore
A world of waking woes:—
From gardens of the dreamer's land,
My wounded, pierced, and bleeding hand,
May bear no healing rose!

Were Earth the only resting-place
That weary pilgrims knew,
How glad I'd yield to death's embrace,
Nor brave the journey through;
A little struggle—little strife,
Might end the story of a life,
If this mad thought were true!

But ever, in my deep despair,
When leaning toward this lie,
I feel and know, within I bear
A spark that cannot die:
Though freezing death and silent grave
Should chill the breath, the voice enslave,
The spirit yet may cry!

Oh! not thy lingering, loved caress,
Thy fond, endearing kiss,
That thrilled my breast with tenderness,
And filled my heart with bliss,—
Not e'en their loss could cause such ruth,
As knowledge of thy deep untruth;
'Tis this—false one!—'tis this!

Farewell! and this one burning word,
Plucked from my soul with pain,
Shall, like a sharp and cleaving sword,
Be sheathed in thine again!
Farewell—ah, yes, thou'lt feel the sting,
And strive from memory's grasp to wring
The scorpion-lash in vain!

A VALENTINE.

I've woven spells around thee from which thou'lt never
wake;
With magic chains I've bound thee,—with chains thou
canst not break;
In darkness and in distance, at morning and at eve,
Thou'lt yield, without resistance, and in my power be-
lieve!

I summoned from the borders of mystery and night,
The grim and silent warders who guard the gates of
light!
I prayed for spell and token, for talisman and charm,
For secret words, that spoken, might icy bosoms warm!

And thus I bind thee to me, with many a seal and sign,
And if thy heart will woo me, I'll give thee love for
thine;

And if thy soul will meet me, within the realm of
dreams,

My own shall sweetly greet thee beside the star-lit streams.

I bid thine eyes shine brightly, when beauty's step is
near—

I bid thy breast heave lightly without a throb of fear;
In vain shall cheeks be burning to meet thy tender gaze—
In vain shall hearts be yearning for the sweetness of thy
praise.

Thy love shall never tremble, nor waver on its throne—
Thy soul can ne'er dissemble, nor other sov'reign own;
My smile will be the guerdon which thou shalt strive to
win

To lighten every burden thy heart may bear within.

I seal thee from all sorrow that springs from hopeless
grief—

To thee each coming morrow shall be bright as it is brief;
Thy heart, that jeweled treasure, inviolate faith shall
keep,

While the angels shall have pleasure in watching o'er thy
sleep.

I charm thee from all sadness, which other bosoms know —
A gentle stream of gladness shall through thy spirit flow ;
Thy sky shall be unclouded through all the coming years,
And the past shall be enshrouded and buried with thy
fears.

Behold ! the spell is over—the midnight hour is passed ;
And thou wilt be my lover, the truest and the last ;
And though my name may never be linked in song with
thine,
I choose thee now, forever, my heart's own Valentine !

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

On! give to me grandeur, ye mountains —

Ye mountains so stately and strong,
And lend me your voices, ye fountains,

To mantle my spirit with song: —
Each brimming and beautiful chalice,

O'erflowing with ruddy delight,
In the soul's most luminous palace,
I'll pour out in music, to-night.

Ye rhythmical spheres, that in glory

Once hymned the salvation of man,
Oh! teach me the marvelous story

That the angels in Heaven began:
How sweet was the song, as it floated

Down — down through the crystalline bars,
Till man caught the echo, full-throated,
And shouted it back to the stars!

Ye winds that have battled with ocean,
And poured your shrill pipes on the blast,
Or sighed, like a living emotion,
That swelled the great heart of the Past,
Whose whisper the life-blood may curdle—
Who sweep o'er each nation and clime,
Oh! lend me your wings to engirdle
The Earth in an instant of time!

I would snatch the bold rhyme of the Norseman,
By the glowing and midnight sun,
And on with the speed of the horseman,
Who flies when the battle is won—
To the land where fair Italy slumbers,
Like a child of the sun and the sea,
And borrow her passionate numbers
To kindle my song of the FREE!

All things that have beauty and brightness—
All things that have glory and might—
The clouds in their innocent whiteness—
The waves with their mirrors of light;
The jewels that flash under ocean—
The groves and the forests on shore,
Shall blend with my spirit's devotion,
And GOD and HIS FREEDOM adore!

What thought to the captive is dearest,
When shut from the day's golden beams?
What hope is the brightest and clearest
That shines on the slave in his dreams?
What word does the freeman's voice utter,
When tyrants his soul would enchain?
Oh! Answer! ye banners that flutter
O'er battle-fields heaped with the slain?

Oh! tell me, sweet echoes that listen
By wood and in surf-beaten cave—
Or answer, ye star-beams that glisten
Far down in the depths of the wave:—
Oh! tell me, ye wild winds that wafted
The Pilgrims' bark over the seas,
Was it LIBERTY that ye engrafted?
Will LIBERTY answer to these?

Oh! word full of infinite sweetness—
Oh! word full of meaning sublime,—
Thy spirit, so strong in completeness,
Shall travel the highways of time:
Shall breathe through the veins of all nations,
That languish in tyranny's pains,
Till blood, that is poured in oblations,
Shall ransom the people from chains!

Our heroes' lone graves are thine altars!

They dot the green land of the free,

And shrunk be the bosom that falters

In faith, to their ashes or thee!

Thou hast the true key to each spirit,

From manhood's high nature to youth,

And from the Most High dost inherit

A mission eternal as truth!

One name shall go down through all story,

Fast-linked with the magic of thine—

Through ages and centuries hoary,

Their beauty serenely shall shine:

Through all the dim phases of distance,

Their gold-lettered tablets be laid,

For never, while time has existence,

Shall the glory of WASHINGTON fade!

My soul from its cloud-height is sinking,

And faint grows my voice's low chime,

As thought unto thought I am linking

To strengthen the chain of my rhyme:

Oh! DAUGHTER of FREEDOM, behold me!

I lay this slight gift on thy shrine,

And worship, as thus I enfold thee,

The God of my fathers and thine!

SPRING.

THE Spring is here, was whispered yester-eve;
Behold her footprints on the vales and mountains;
No more the chilling gale shall vex and grieve
The crystal waters of the low-voiced fountains;
No more shall Winter, loath to leave the land,
Where, through the darker months he wildly reveled,
Clutch in his eager grasp and pinching hand,
The Spring's bright tresses, frost and storm-disheveled.

Out on the hills! oh, Life! what joy is thine,
Through all my veins thy ruddy streams are leaping;
I drain from nature's breast a generous wine,
That rouses Fancy from its dreamless sleeping;
Out on the hills—the moss beneath my feet
Draws its light nourishment from well-springs hidden,
And here, within this shady, lone retreat,
My soul shall drink of heavenly streams, unhidden.

Hark! 'tis the silvery cadence of melodious birds
That thrills fond Echo with delirious chanting;
Far down the slanting hills, are grazing herds,
And in the fields the wearied ox is panting;
A rivulet winds softly through the grass,
Whose velvet carpets o'er the scented meadow —
There idle butterflies, like man, alas!
Oft grow enamored of a flitting shadow.

The air is instinct with a living train,
Like golden dust the brilliant motes are winging;
The sun shines warmly on the sprouting grain,
And on the bough the merry locust's singing:
Down in the hollows fashioned by the rain —
Along the breezy isles, the wild-flowers cluster,
The years have left upon the rocks a stain
Whose tints will deepen with each waning luster.

What are thy gentle ministrings, Spring?
Thou dove from Winter's ark, with olive token,
To waiting human hearts what dost thou bring,
What balm — what lethe to the spirits broken?
Canst thou bind up the torn and bleeding heart,
Or soothe the mourner's sharp consuming anguish,
Revive the hopes of drooping sons of Art,
Or gild the gloomy cells where captives languish?

Canst thou regenerate the hoary Earth?

Remove the wickedness from lofty places?

Usher the soul to an immortal birth,

Or stay an instant's breath Time's rapid paces?

Canst thou unfold the mysteries of God,

Inform the mind of spheric light and motion?

Teach how the fragile flower springs through the sod,

Or tell the secrets of unfathomed ocean?

Thou answerest not, oh! bright, prophetic Spring,

Thou glorious symbol of man's resurrection,

When he shall rise, and with archangels sing

Redeeming love, and the Adored's perfection,

Thou answerest not—yet there are mystic words

Borne up to Heaven on thy thousand voices,

The winds and waves, and rainbow-plumaged birds,

Unite in chorus as old Earth rejoices.

Love! love's the burthen of their joyous song,

That theme which angels chant in groves supernal,

That's hourly echoed by the wondrous throng

Encircling ever the white Throne Eternal;

Join in my soul, and strike thy harp again—

Though weak and faltering, thou hast depths of feeling

Which may be sounded by this deathless strain,

That through God's universe for aye is pealing!

THE LADY'S GRIEF.

THE Spring was softly smiling o'er all the dreamy land,
And on the grasses, woods, and flowers, we traced her
 jeweled hand;
Pale wintry ghosts and phantoms, that had thronged each
 grot and vale,
Fled swift before her sunshine, and the zephyr-breathing
 gale.

I walked among the mosses that embossed the swelling
 hills,
And listened to the tinkling of the singing, shining rills,
Till my heart o'erflowed with music, and a dream of
 beauty came,
That shone upon my spirit with a pure and quenchless
 flame.

Then I heard a gentle whisper, in a voice's tenderest
tone,
And I knew the hand that trembled, as it lightly clasped
my own;
And a strong and deep emotion shook my slight and
shrinking frame,
As I heard the faltering accents that low-syllabled my
name.

He told me that he loved me, that his heart should cease
to beat,
Ere his soul should rise from worship where it fell down
at my feet;
That though gulfs should yawn between us, for a word, a
look, a smile,
He'd brave their depths, if fathomless, and Heaven itself
beguile.

His words were all idolatrous—his soul was all unrest,
As the storm of smothered feeling madly raged within his
breast;
And yet I dared to darken the pale starlight of his sky,
And he rushed from out my presence with a wounded
eagle's cry.

I've known no rest nor quiet since that loving heart was
broke,
And at night I hear the echoes of the cruel words I
spoke;
I start from fearful visions with a shriek of dread and
pain,
And dare not sink in slumber, lest I dream that dream
again.

The Spring has come back often, with her sweet love-
lighted hours,
And left her green embroidery o'er all the groves and
bowers;
But among her fragrant roses, not a thornless one I see,
For the fairest of her blossoms has a serpent coiled for
me!

I tread no more the mosses, for I haunt no more the hills,
And I cannot bear the tinkling sounds that ring out from
the rills;
All songs of joy and gladness, with that dream of beauty
fled,
And the winds and birds seem chanting a sad service for
the dead.

When the months are linked by roses, or when bound in
icy chains—

When I list, in very sadness, to the light, refreshing rains—

When the sun goes down in splendor, and the moon comes
up apace,—

In each and every moment I but see his anguished face!

If once amid this darkness, when my heart is stung and
riven,

My eye might catch the smallest glimpse of light from
yonder Heaven,—

I know the beam would cheer me, but despair is in my
breast,

And my doom is here to wander, restless, searching after
rest!

THE POET'S BURIAL.

Inscribed to the Memory of "PHAZMA."

WHERE a tall and lonely ship
 Floated on the wintry tide,
With a faint smile on his lip,
 There the gentle Poet died!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Sleep to waken with the just,"
Oh! not thus the ritual read
Over ocean's kingly dead.

But, "unto the mournful deep,"
 Said a solemn, priestly voice:
"We commit this form to sleep
 Till the angel shall rejoice,
And with foot on sea and shore
Sweareth time shall be no more!"
And a sudden, plashing sound,
Thrilled the air and hearts around!

There were spirits of the deep,
Resting by the vessel's side,
As if smitten by a sleep,
Underneath the drifting tide;
Six their number—twelve their wings—
Toward the ocean's secret springs,
They, with white and pluméd oar,
Swift the gentle Poet bore.

As he lay upon his bier,
Of their white wings interwove,
Never Poet did appear
Half so worthy of such love.
Many a fathom down they went,
Crossing ocean's battlement,
Where the dim and mighty seas
Rolled between their fastnesses.

Soon the broad-finned monsters came,
Gliding in upon their path:
Through the waters, eyes of flame
Glared in impotence of wrath:
And each scale looked, in the light,
Like a shield, when polished bright,
But they dared not touch the prey
Borne, by spirits, from the day!

Down to Ocean's fairest hall,
They in solemn silence fled,
And beneath its glassy wall
Softly laid the Poet's head :
By its crystal pores, the dew
Evermore came dripping through,
Dropping down, like orient pearls,
On his closely clustered curls.

What a sepulchre was this !
Crystal gates on golden hinge,
While a woven shroud was his,
Of the purple sea-weed's fringe ;
And the pavement was of shells,
Ringing like a chime of bells,
As the oriel beyond
Faintly echoed back the sound.

At his head, the coral tree
Lifted up its crimson boughs,
There, all bright things of the sea
Interchanged their loving vows ;
Looking on his face the while,
At the faint and placid smile,
Gleaming on the pallid lips,
Shades of Death could not eclipse !

Stealing in on solar beams,
Jeweled deep, with Iris-dyes,
Phantoms of his early dreams
Came and kissed the drooping eyes ;
While two starr'd and golden spheres,
Freighted with the Poet's tears,
Circled through the purple gloom,
Gathered o'er that ocean-tomb !

And, without, the restless sea
Throbb'd to ceaseless whisperings,
Sounding o'er the far-off lea,
Like a "harp of thousand strings."
Still, around the Poet's grave,
Let the circling waters lave,
As the ocean onward sweeps
With the tears that KORN⁽¹⁾I weeps !

DEATH IN THE COUNTRY.

EARTH wakes from sleep — from soft, and dewy slumber,
And crimson morning lights her thousand hills;
No weight of grief is there, her breast to cumber,
No painful presence of life's countless ills.
Upon the uplands, in their glory shining,
Like sheaves of gold, there lies the new-reaped grain; —
Low in the glens, in mossy nooks reclining,
Wake the young flow'rets, fed of dew and rain.

The early birds their gleeful songs are singing,
Wild perfumes float upon the circling air,
The golden bee its outward flight is winging,
And voiceful insects to their haunts repair; —
The skies are cloudless, peaceful as love's mission —
Faint breezes flutter through the arching vines;
Each summer thing is in its full fruition,
From silvery poplar to the arrowy pines.

Earth wakes from sleep—but in man's habitation
There slumbers one, who ne'er shall wake again;
Morn breaks without, within is desolation,
And midnight sorrow, with its sleepless pain:
What though the sun, in its midsummer luster,
Looks brightly down upon that blighted spot?
What though the vines and loving tendrils cluster
Around the portals of the stricken cot?

There is no sun can pierce the shadow resting
On eyes that closed, alas! too soon in death;
Nor power in aught, though life and love attesting,
To give the perished one a moment's breath;—
The moon and stars have many mystic phases,
Revealed to science by their own clear light,
But naught can guide us through death's wildering mazes,
Our stars go down unquestioned into night!

What doth the avenger in our pleasant valleys,
Chilling the verdure with his icy breath?
Slays he alike, in cottage-home or palace,
Is there no spot unknown to thee, Oh! Death?
Is there no island in the broad blue ocean,
No fabled city in the soundless sea,
Or spheréd star, with living light and motion,—
To which Earth's children might escape from thee?

Alas! the winds, with ceaseless, ceaseless sighing,
Have swept o'er Earth, and found no hand to save,
On land, on sea, there were the dead — the dying,
In every clime, the coffin and the grave:—
Then toll the bell, and where the boughs are bending,
In slumberous silence and in summer bloom,
Consign the dead, whose dream flows on unending,
Eterne as stars that watch the new-made tomb.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I MET thee in thy beauty, where the proud and humble
meet,

I met thee in the turmoil of the busy, crowded street:
Amid the jarring discords—amid the sound of wheels,
Thy voice stole o'er my senses, as a strain of music steals
Across the surging waters, where the feathery foam is
tossed,

On the wild winds borne an instant, and in an instant
lost!

I met thee in thy brightness, with a wintry sky above,
But on thy lip was sunshine, and in thy look was love;
And I marveled that the strangers, who swept thy
garments near,

Should onward pass so quickly, when thy voice fell on
their ear;

For it seemed, to me, like music from a distant, fairy clime,
Or like an Angel's chanting of a smooth and silvery rhyme.

I met thee in thy sweetness, 'mid the city's smoke and
toil,
Like a rare and lovely blossom in a cold and foreign soil;
Not a thought has crossed my bosom, since that dear, re-
membered hour,
But has lingered o'er thy beauties, like the bee above a
flower;
Not a dream has floated o'er me, in my restless sleep at
night,
But has held thy glowing image up before my ravished
sight.

I've knelt before thy shadow, and have called it by a
name
So tender, sweet, that no one but a lover could it frame:—
Then I've wooed thee—I have won thee—and awakened
with a thrill,
To know thou art a stranger in thy youth and beauty
still;—
In the shadow—in the sun-light—alone or in the throng,
There ever glides beside me, the fair phantom of my song!

WHAT THE CHILD SAW IN THE FIRE.

'T WAS a winter eve, and the storm without
Rode sharply along on the Northern gale;
And the traveler shrunk, though his heart was stout,
From the steady blows of the stinging hail.

How it beat on the roof! and knocked on the door,
And rattled the glass, in its frozen glee;—
While, "Father, have mercy upon the poor!"
Prayed a little child at his mother's knee.

He knelt in the light of the glowing hearth—
The shadows at play in his golden hair;—
Few fairer things has the beautiful Earth,
Than a guileless child at its evening prayer.

He asked for a blessing on all he loved,
And soft grew the tones of his plaintive voice,
As pity, his bosom, to tenderness moved,
And he prayed for the poor, of his own sweet choice!

Then gently he rose, and wistfully gazed
 In the deep, warm heart of the ruddy coal,
 That flickered awhile, and suddenly blazed,
 Like the sun of faith in a darkened soul.

“What sees my boy in the wavering light?”
 Said the mother fond, to the child at her side:
 “I know,” he replied, “’t is a colder night,
 Than when he lay down in the church-yard wide.

“But I wonder why he should leave the ground,
 Where the flowers will bloom, and the grasses grow;
 Where through the long summer he slept so sound,
 To come through the fields in the ice and snow?”

The mother grew pale—for she knew that the child
 Was thinking of one who had early died,
 And her bosom throbbed high with its pulses wild,
 As she pressed the boy to her yearning side.

“I’ve told you, my darling,” she whispered low,
 “That the brother with whom you loved to play,
 Has gone where all dear little children go,
 To a beautiful land, far, far away:—

“Never, on Earth, can you see him again,
But our Father will send, when you come to die,
The angels that bore him away from pain,
To carry you up to his home on high!”

It was all in vain, for he would believe,
That a seraph came down from the Heavenly choir,
That through the wild storm of that winter eve,
He saw a young face in the household fire.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! it is a simple phrase;
But sweeter than the minstrel's lays,
Or pleasant sounding words of praise,
To me it seems—
If breathed by one whose cheerful voice
Is like old music, rare and choice,
When whispering low, "good night—rejoice
In pleasant dreams."

Good night! ah, then I feel alone,
And seek to wake again the tone,
As if my heart had jealous grown
Of slumbers light,
Lest they exclude me from the breast
On which I now, confiding, rest,
And murmur back the words so blest—
Good night! good night!

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

REST, baby, rest,—
There's no lighter slumber!
Never, sin shall soil thy breast,
Never, care encumber:
Little lily, pure and pale,
Upon life's margin growing,
Death was on the summer gale,
In the river's flowing.—
Death, baby, death!

Sleep, baby, sleep!—
There's no slumber deeper;
O'er thy coffin-cradle weep
Smitten hearts, young sleeper!

Little voyager, no more,
Swells thy sail the lightest,
Death hath met thee near the shore,
Where the stream was brightest.—
Death, baby, death!

Soon, baby, soon!
Earth's frail ties were rended;
Long before the chime of noon,
Life's short story ended:—
Little bird, with plumage white,
And with wing the fleetest,
Death, with arrow, met thy flight,
When thy song was sweetest.—
Death, baby, death!

Low, baby, low,—
Near the drooping willow,
Where all things seem mute as woe,
They have made thy pillow:—
Waxen lid, and waxen face,
Waxen hands close folded,
Death with more than sculptor's grace,
Into marble molded.—
Death, baby, death!

Bright, baby, bright!
Are the dreams which reach thee,
They, who have far greater light,
Love of God shall teach thee.

In thine innocence, then, rest,
There's no sweeter slumber,
Sin shall never soil thy breast,
Care can never cumber. —

Rest baby, rest!

SONG.

Oh! troubles lie light on some spirits, my love,
As dreams on pure infancy's brow;
Or as dead leaves that ruffle the stream above,
Yet disturb not the current below:
As transient their joys as the bright-colored dust,
That imprints the poor butterfly's wing;
And their hearts are as free from life's wear and its rust,
As their bosoms from memory's sting!

Though the sword has been sheathed in this spirit, my love,
And grievous the wounds in my breast,
I would not their dullness inherit, my love,
For I know that endurance is best!
Though keen are the pangs which afflictions have brought,
Yet still keener my moments of bliss;
In the world of immortals our souls shall be taught,
Why we suffered and sorrowed in this!

THE STARS.

YE stars that shine where angels tread,
Bear witness, that this heart, to-night,
Though oft to glad emotions dead,
Revives beneath your holy light:
And if I wake my fitful lute,
(Whose fondest strain is that of love),
'Tis that my soul cannot be mute,
When fires are kindling thus above!

Oh! I have read each burning page
Of yon bright book, unclasped at eve;
And scorned of Pagan, saint or sage,
These are my creed—and I believe.
By books untaught—by art unskilled,
I praise no scheme, no plan condemn,
But with their own mild glory filled,
I joy to sing—and sing of them!

Fair stars! I watched you, when a child,
 With wonder leaping to my eye;
When all my thoughts were fresh and wild,
 And love and youth were bounding high:
I saw your serried armies march
 Along the eve's dun-curtained plain,
And nightly climb yon azure arch,
 And sow the fields with golden grain.

And once a month, the young new moon,
 Thrust in her sickle, keen and bright,
And growing in her pathway, soon
 Swept all the lesser spheres from sight!
Then, as I jealously beheld
 My bright ones fade before her beams,
Pale visions of the days of Eld,
 Came o'er my thoughts, like fairy dreams.

On Latmos' height, methought, she shone,
 Where sorrowless, Endymion lay,
Her every beam a loving tone,
 To while the sleeper's heart away!
But fickle, faithless, changeful too,
 I saw her slowly, coldly, wane,
And from her shadow, stole in view,
 The orbs I longed to see again.

Ye stars, that shone above my youth,
When hope was young, and life was strong,
To you I look for faith and truth,
To you I turn for breath of song!
From yon fair palace of the skies,
Ye look into the murderer's soul!
'Tis vain, from your serenest eyes,
To hide the dagger and the bowl!

Beneath the subtile mask all wear,
Your piercing glances sadly rest;
They lay each purpose stark and bare,
And flood with light the inner breast:
When rings the solemn midnight call,
Ye raise the curtain o'er the past:
From flaming letters on that wall,
The quailing spirit shrinks aghast!

Ye stars! how oft in grief's dark hour,
Your light has kindly soothed my breast,
As with a strange, seraphic power,
Ye lulled the turbid waves to rest;
Though seas of grief ran mountain high,
And threatened shipwreck to the soul,
Though lightnings swept from sky to sky,
The storm has died at your control!

This night, I know ye softly shine
Where three young, guileless forms are laid,
Who are not now, yet once were, mine,
Ere all too soon a grave was made!
Can this be true? or do I dream;—
Are lost ones wrested from our tears,
New-set where yonder planets gleam,
To guide us on through lapsing years?

CHILD OF THE ANGEL WING.

“OH! sing me a song, as I fall asleep,”
Said a little one with a lustrous eye,
“Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods, that reach to the sky —
That peep in the spring, when the birdies sing,
And the heavens are blue as our NELLY’s eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing
Who walks in the garden of Paradise!”

I sang him the song—I told him the tale,
And watched by his couch till we thought he slept,
For his cheek was white as the moonbeams pale,
That stealthy and bright near his pillow crept:
Then my words grew few, and my voice sank low,
And I said, in thy dreams may the seraphs sing,
But he whispered soft, as I rose to go—
“Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing!”

Then I sang again — but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red to his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke.
But he spoke no more of the spring's bright flowers,
And he thought no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone, in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

“My mother!” he said — and his eyes waxed dim,
For the sense, with their wavering luster, fled,
And he never knew that SHE knelt by him
Whose sun went down at his dying bed!
He has gone where the seraphs sweetly sing —
His story was brief as the sunset dyes,
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of Paradise!

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

I MET thee in the Isle of Dreams, belovéd of my soul —
I met thee on the silver sands where Lethean rivers roll —
And by the flashing waterfalls, that lulled the hours
asleep,

Thy spirit whispered unto mine the vows it may not keep:
My eyes were lifted unto thine — my heart beat thick
and fast,

As all the summer-memories that crowd the quickened past
Came thronging round my spirit, oh! belovéd of my soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met, where Lethean rivers
roll.

I met thee in the Isle of dreams, beside the cool, calm
waves,
The land of endless blessedness, where swell no mournful
graves:

With trembling eagerness we drank the Lethean waters
 bright,
Forgetting all the darkened past—remembering but its
 light—
Its light, which, like a steady star, lit up young Memory's
 shrine,
And shed on our o'erwearied hearts a warmth and glow
 divine;
Our voices lisped rich melodies, belovéd of my soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met, where Lethean rivers
 roll.

I met thee in the Isle of Dreams—no fairer land may
 bloom
Among the Island-stars, that crest the midnight's heavy
 gloom:
The lilies blossomed in our path—wild roses on the spray,
And young birds from the wilderness, sang each a dreamy
 lay:
Our steps fell lightly, as we pressed the green, enchanted
 ground,
For love was swelling in our hearts, and in the air
 around.
All, all was sunshine, bliss and light, belovéd of my
 soul,
When in the Isle of Dreams we met, where Lethean rivers
 roll.

I met thee in the Isle of Dreams—I meet thee there no more—

Oh, why hast thou forsaken, love, the sands upon the shore?

The roses clustering on the bough—the lilies in the vale—

I pine to meet thee there once more, beneath the starlight pale,

Then tread again the sounding shores that echo in my dreams,

And walk beneath the rosy sky that through my vision gleams;

Oh meet me, meet me, yet once more, belovéd of my soul!

Within the lovely Isle of Dreams, where Lethean rivers roll!

A DIRGE.



My Love is dead!—

My love that was so beautiful! that clung
So near unto my life.—What silvery tongue,
With melting sweetness and pathetic grace,
Shall plaintive numbers rarely interlace
In flowing garlands of harmonious song,
For that which died too young, in having lived so long?

My love is dead!—

Alas! it seems but yesterday it came,
A nestling, breathing thing, with wings of flame,
That fanned my heart into a living glow,
And clasped me closer than a mortal foe
Might, on destruction's brink.—How swift it flew,
My sorrowing eyes may tell, in drops of burning dew!

My Love is dead:—

My rosy, frolic love, that sang all day
Amid the enticing flowers and fountain's spray:
That colored every leaf; that charmed the breeze;
That gave a luster to the tasseled trees;
That drew me Heaven-ward with its warbled strains,
And filled my throbbing heart with deep, ecstatic pains.

My Love is dead!—

I held it softly in my trembling arms
A little while, but quickly, cold alarms
Ran icily along my veins of fire!
I thought of Change, that stifles all desire,
And made what haste I might, my love to crown,
And in its sinless grave, to lay it lifeless down.

My Love is dead:—

I made its coffin of a fragrant wood,
From whose fine pores there oozed a wingéd brood
Of spicy odors; lining it with leaves
Shook down from rose-boughs, when the night-wind grieves:
Fresh, living blooms I brought, its limbs to grace,
And one white lily-leaf laid lightly o'er its face!

My Love is dead.—

I smoothed the tendril-curls upon its brow,
And pressed my fingers on the lids of snow;

The waxen lips lay smilingly apart;
The faded wings were folded o'er its heart;
The dimpled cheeks were stained by crimson flowers,
As if immortal bloom illumined death's pale hours!

My Love is dead!
And what to me is passing night or day?
The brook's low ripple, or the fountain's play?
The varying year?—the surging waves of time,
That onward roll toward the eternal clime?
The Earthquake's throb or the Volcano's breath?
Or yet, the insatiate rage of that white monster, Death?

My Love is dead!—
I asked my soul if, henceforth, there might be
A time, when I should faintly, darkly see
A hope, an aim, a purpose left in life?
A single bud, that the sharp pruning-knife
Of this most fierce despair, should glance aside?
“My love is dead—is dead!”—was all that it replied!

THE YOUNG CHEROKEE.

WHERE blue hills encircled the blossoming vales,
Their tall peaks, like giants, defying the gales;
Where waterfalls, white as the foam on the seas,
Flung up their bright showers to sunshine and breeze;—
There, near by thy waters, oh! bright Tennessee,
Dwelt the pride of the highlands — the young Che-
rokee!

With the step of the fawn, as it timidly flees,
When the shade of the hunter in distance it sees,—
With the eye of the falcon, untrained for the field,
And a bosom as soft as the cygnet can yield,
She roamed o'er the highlands, or walked through the
vale,
Where the whip-poor-will murmured its sorrowful tale.

A young brave had wooed her, whose wigwam was
nigh,

With its thin line of smoke curling up to the sky ;
There his lithe bow and quiver were hung on the wall,
And the deer-skins were spread in his rudely-built hall ;
For soon was the pride of the highlands to be
The light of his bosom—his own Cherokee !

One morn, in the fair “moon of flowers,” the maid
Away from her home, and her young chieftain, strayed ;
She climbed the bare cliffs where the blue mists were
curled,

That rolled like a sea o’er her own little world :—
No mocking-bird ever was blither than she—
The fawn of the highlands—the young Cherokee !

With the light in her eye, and the love in her breast,
Up the steep heights she toiled to a lone eagle’s nest ;
His home was deserted, the bold bird had flown,
But his soft, glossy plumes, round the cyrie were strewn ;
She reached forth her hand, with a laugh full of glee,—
When a shaft pierced the heart of the young Cherokee !

It was not the eagle’s voice rose on the air,
But the hoarse cry of madness—the shriek of despair ;—

A wail from the warrior who leaped to her side,
For his arrow lay deep in the heart of his bride!
The sun, through the mist-clouds, had blinded him sore,
But its treacherous brightness shall wound him no more.

He uttered no sound, as the arrow he drew
From the bosom that ever was gentle and true;
And he gave but one look, full of anguish and love,
As the eagle in triumph swooped down from above;
Then headlong he plunged in the blue misty sea,
With his arms round the maiden — the young Cherokee!

MEMORY:

IN the far-away land of the fadeless Past,
By the whitened beach and the sullen wave,
In the dimmer shade by the cypress cast,
I made me a deep and a lonely grave;
A hollow, and sunken, and shroudless bed,
Where withering rest a life's pale dead.

Though no sun ever shines on that lonely land,
Though no green thing grows on that mournful mound,
Twin stars look down on the glittering sand,
And brighten the gloom of the hallowed ground;
A light, like the light of a young child's dreams,
From those shining ones unceasingly streams.

When my spirit is faint, and my heart beats low
To the tender thrill of the twilight leaves,
And mournfuller thoughts in the bosom grow
Than are born of a summer's moonlit eves,
I turn to that land with a soulful dread,
And weep by the grave of my long-buried dead.

Like the shadows that steal over glassy streams—

Like the shapeless clouds on a summer sky—

Or the mocking sprites of our early dreams,

The shades of the buried go flitting by;
Though no hand unlocks, and no gate unbars,
As they rise in the light of the holy stars.

There are faded joys—there are hopes that died

In the rosy flush of their opening bloom,
All beautiful memories, glorified,

Redeemed from death and oblivion's gloom;
Young loves, that were born in an evil hour,
And crushed like the leaves of a deadly flower.

There are idols whose thrones are in ruins now,

Ivy-grown shrines in the temple of years,
Whose echo alone is a broken vow,

The smoke of whose incense faded in tears;
Worshiped in madness, too frenzied to last,
Wildly they gleam through the mist of the Past.

Oh! sorrowful soul! when the heart's mournful deeps

Grow troubled and dark as these specters appear,
And sullen Despair from his hiding-place creeps

To feast on the blooms in the May of thy year,
Go seek, in that faith which a slave maketh free,
Balm, for the healing of wounded like thee!

NOVEMBER.

SILENCE, like a gentle river,
Steals along the shores of Night;
Shrunk, now, the red leaves shiver
In the wan and fitful light:
All the summer's glad romances
In the hazy distance die,
And her golden dreams and trances
In their shrouds of beauty lie.

Squirrels leap from under cover
Where the ripened filberts fall,
And the partridge, quail, and plover
Answer to the sportsman's call;
Still the Autumn-hours dissemble,
Yet THEY feel their chilling truth,
Whose last hopes, like dead leaves, tremble
On the withered boughs of youth.

As the hours, now bright and pleasant,
Swiftly flit along their way,
All the past lives in the present,
And our life begins to-day!
Silence, like a darkened river,
Overflows my heart, to-night,
As without, the moonbeams quiver
In the white and frosty light.

Shades of other years surround me,
With their spells of joy or grief,
Forgotten loves, that gently bound me,
With their fetters, sweet and brief;
All the changeful days that saddened
Wayward youth or girlhood's flowers,
With each moment that has gladdened,
Birdlike, woman's summer hours:

All the recreant thoughts that wandered,
Like apostates, from their creed —
All the wealth of feeling squandered,
With each covert act and deed —
These, like scorpions, come to sting me,
As they troop through Memory's door,
Till Sleep's kindly angels bring me
Balm and lethe for each sore.

Silence, like a gentle river,
Steals along the shores of Night,
Shrunk, now, the red leaves shiver
In the wan and fitful light;
Still the Autumn-hours dissemble,
While THEY feel their chilling truth,
Whose last hopes, like dead leaves, tremble
On the withered boughs of youth.

OH! SING TO ME SOFTLY, MY SISTER!



On! sing to me softly, my sister,
And smile on me, darling, to-night,
For my soul is encompassed by darkness,
And shut from the kingdom of light.

I walk in life's valley of shadow,
Where the fountain's low murmurs are still,
Where swiftly, through gray mist and vapor,
Are gliding pale phantoms of ill:

Thy voice, like the clear thread of silver
That winds through the still, grassy lane,
Shall steal through my heart's silent chambers,
And waken their music again!

Far away from the clouds of the present,
In the Eden of memory's isle,
What visions of peace and of beauty,
Shall my spirit of sadness beguile.

Once more I will rove with sweet fancies,
And think the bright thoughts of a child;
Once more I will gather Youth's roses,
The fairer, for that they are wild.

And the light, which I know is immortal,
That shone on young life's dewy hours,
Shall stream from its crystalline portal,
And brighten fair Memory's bowers.

Then sing to me softly, my sister,
And pour out thy heart in the strain,
Till I dream that the beautiful voices
Of childhood, are singing again.

So my heart shall grow better and purer,
And strength to us both shall be given,
To work out a priceless salvation,
And sing, with our children, in Heaven.

LITTLE LU-LU.



THE sun, in his spring-tide of glory,
Looked down from his palace, and smiled,
Alike on the tombs of the hoary,
And the brow of a suffering child.

Too near to the gates of that city
Whose streets are the streets of the dead,—
Too near to the gates of sweet Pity,
He's resting his innocent head.

The tears on your eyelids may glisten,
Like blossoms o'erflowing with dew,
And your heart it will ache, as you listen
To the story of little Lu-Lu.

No sunbeam surpassed him in brightness—
No lambkin excelled him in glee;
Yet gone from his heart is the lightness,
And chained are the limbs which were free.

His eyes are most holy and tender—
His brow is most sad and serene;
A seraph, half-robbed of his splendor—
An angel in spirit and mien.

All day on his couch he is lying,
Now tossing and turning in pain;
In accents still gentle, replying
To words which are loving, in vain.

Oh! rare are the moments, when slumber
Steeps all his young senses in balm;
And his years are so few in their number,
You wonder to see him so calm.

We know not of what he is thinking
Throughout the slow circle of hours;
His soul may be soaring and drinking
The dews of ambrosial flowers.

He sees the bright light of the morning
Steal goldenly over the sky—
He sees the dark shadows returning,
And knows that the evening is nigh:—

He looks through the half-shrouded casement —
The stars twinkle out in the night,
And quickly from chamber to basement
The city is streaming with light.

Then sleep, should it visit him early,
O'ercomes him with welcome surprise,
While the elf-locks, so silken and curly,
Flow down o'er his wax-curtained eyes.

Too soon from light slumber awaking,
His voice breaks the stillness around,
And the mother, whose heart is fast breaking,
Is thrilled by the piteous sound.

Too slight is his gentle complaining —
Too few are the wishes expressed —
The spirit of patience is reigning
And ruling with love in his breast.

Oh! weep — for his “all which is mortal”
Is withering and fading from view;
And the angels at Heaven's bright portal
Are waiting for little Lu-Lu!

SONG.

How exultingly bright, is thy dark, loving eye!

As it kindles, and flashes in answer to mine,
And the language it speaks, is that spoken on high,
For the light that illumines it is almost divine.

Is it sinful to gaze on that love-moulded form;

Or to sigh for repose on thine innocent breast?—

I but look, as the mariner looks through the storm,
At the beacon-star, hopeless of reaching its rest!

Though thy hand is another's, thy heart beats for me,
For thine eye hath confessed what thy lip might
deny,

And the passion that throbs in this bosom for thee,
Purer spirits might own in their dwelling on high.

Though I never may dare to give voice to my love,
Shall this hinder my heart in its worship of thee?—

Oh! my silence alone, such devotion will prove,
As shall bind thee forever in spirit to me!

VISIONS OF THE EVE.

WHEN the angels of the eve
Their dazzling mansions leave,
And steal with the star-beams to Earth ;
Then I know that thou art there,
With the gold upon thy hair,
In thy seat by the household hearth :
And the ruddy, leaping blaze,
As it did in other days,
Flushes lightly thine infant brow :
While thy large and tender eyes,
With a childish, sweet surprise,
Watch the coals in their steadfast glow.

With a thoughtful, dreamy look,
Bent on his little book,
Presseth one to my throbbing side ;
And I bend an earnest ear
To catch the accents dear,
Which seem from his red lips to glide.

Oh! I see him clearly now,
With his wide and lofty brow,
And eyes almost mournfully bright, —
As the sweet appealing voice,
That made my heart rejoice,
Falls low on the ear of the night!

A sudden, merry bound,
And I quickly turn around,
Still another is standing there,
With her bright and joyous glance,
And feet that long to dance,
Beating time to a favorite air!
Oh! my spirit yearns to bless,
And my bosom pants to press,
These little ones that cluster around;
And though naught but empty air
Hovers lightly o'er my chair,
I seem with strong bands to be bound.

For, like one when in a trance,
With a fixed and straining glance,
I sit in the fire's cheerful light,
Lest these phantoms of my dream —
As clouds above a stream —
Should recede from my longing sight:

Still I know that they are there,
With their waving, shining hair;
For lonely and cold were our hearth,—
Did not angels in the eve,
Their blissful mansions leave,
And glide with the star-beams to Earth!

TO THE ALLEGHANIAN.

YE have stolen away from the minstrel throng—
From the harpers gray, in the realms of song,
Where the thrilling notes of each sounding lyre
Unite like the flames of the household fire;
And your chorus-swell, with its dying fall,
Was caught from the harps on the golden wall.

From the murmuring woods, where the breezes sing,
And the green boughs wave, sweet tones ye bring;
By the voiceful shore of the soundless sea,
Ye have 'prisoned soft waves of melody;
And have been where streams, in their music, gush
From the mountain's side, in the midnight hush.
E'en a cadence low, and a rising swell
Ye learned from the voice of the "Old Church Bell."

Ye have stolen away from the minstrel throng
To ravish our souls with the breath of song;
And our hearts are filled with the silvery tide,
As love fills the heart of a joyous bride.
There's a sound on the air, when ye cease to sing,
Like the rustling sweep of an angel's wing.

HE WANTS A WIFE.

He wants a wife, and she must be
A model of propriety ;
A brilliant pattern — wise, discreet,
A center where all virtues meet :
Good-tempered, just, and always kind —
As warm of heart as pure in mind ;
Devoted, tender, gentle, fair ;
Accomplishments and culture rare ;
Low-voiced, refined, with every grace —
An angel half, in form and face ;
A sweet, harmonious, charming thing,
At his command to weep or sing.
He wants a wife ! — we'll advertise it : —
Consents to wed — his friends advise it !

He wants a wife, with modest look,
Whose heart is like a costly book,
Which he is proud and glad to own —
Which can be read by him alone :

He wants her slender, too, and tall,
And fair as woman since the Fall;
Her eyes—it matters not their hue—
He worships black—adores the blue;
Her hair must, with her loving eyes,
Agree in shade, or compromise.
He wants her sensible and mild—
In form a woman—heart a child:—
He wants a wife—to love him blindly,
A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for neatness noted—
For taste unquestionably quoted;
With wholesome pride a very little—
Of self-conceit no jot nor tittle;
A harmless, guiltless vanity
He'll not object to, if it be
A soft desire that he should praise her—
Indeed, in his esteem 't would raise her:
He wants her to have youth and health;
He wants her to have beauty, wealth;
He wants a careful, prudent wife,
To share the nameless ills of life—
No will but his may ever answer—
A downright "yes"—not "if I can, sir!"

He wants a wife to nurse his joys —
To school his girls and spoil his boys;
To make and mend their clothes, when able;
To sit as mistress at his table;
To boil his coffee, brew his tea,
To every household comfort see;
To hand his slippers, make his bed,
To softly bathe his aching head;
To be as fond as she is weak,
And in all things his pleasure seek.
He wants a wife! (poor, modest man),
Built on this grand and perfect plan;
He'll take her, then, for worse or better —
Let us devoutly hope — he'll get her!

THE LITTLE FLOCK.

“We were not many”—we who stood,
In childhood, round our mother’s knee,—
A laughing, wild, and wayward brood
Of many a changeful mind and mood,
And hearts as light as hearts could be.

“We were not many”—we who played,
When breathless came the scorching noon,
Out in the leafy, grassy shade,
The old and fragrant orchard made,
As lengthened shadows fell in June.

How sweetly smelled the upturned mould,
Beneath the green and bending bough,
For there, when days were moist and cold,
The grass was sown ere spring was old—
I’d give the world to see it now.

“We were not many”—we who drew
At evening round the blazing hearth,
To read, how from the harebells blue
The tiny elves would drink the dew,
Ere fairy forms forsook the Earth.


“We were not many”—we who heard,
From lips we loved, at eve and morn,
The teachings of the holy word,
When youthful hearts to prayer were stirred,
And love of meek-eyed faith was born.

“We were not many”—death has spared
A larger flock to mothers’ tears,
And when his icy arm was bared,
We scarcely thought that he had dared
To touch the one so young in years.

“We were not many”—we who wept
To see his star in swift decline;
Five golden autumns he has slept,
Five budding springs the moss has crept
Around his couch beneath the pine.

“We are not many”—when we stand
Where now he sleeps, at fall of dew;
When loving May, with breezes bland,
Has smoothed the turf with angel hand,
And decked it round with violets blue.

“We are not many”—we who press
With trembling lips life’s brimming cup;
One craving draughts of happiness;
Another, it may be, would bless
The wave that dashed death’s waters up.



“We are not many”—doubts and fears,
And faded hopes of Earth’s renown,
And broken faith, and toil, and tears,
Have, in the wine-press of our years,
Been heaped, and crushed, and trodden down.

“We were not many”—we who stood
In childhood round our mother’s knee:
But one, from out the laughing brood,
Has borne unto his solitude
The dreams he dreamed in infancy.

LOVE'S ADJURATION.

“HASTEN! hasten! time will leave us;
Breathe to me one little word;—
Speak! our silence soon will grieve us—
Hope will sicken, if deferred:
Tell me, should we part forever,
Hopeless, helpless to the last,
Wouldst thou, in thy strong endeavor,
Grow forgetful of the past?
Couldst thou tear from out thy bosom
All dear thoughts and dreams of me,
Careless crush Love's tender blossom,—
Laugh at sighs and constancy?

“Couldst thou coldly, calmly listen
If my name fell on thine ear?
Would those eyes, the dearest, glisten
With no gentle, pitying tear?

If 'twere said to thee, "she faileth,
Smitten, stricken through the heart;
Day by day, the round cheek paleth —
Soon the spirit must depart" —
Tell me, wouldst thou not then ponder
On my deep, devoted love?
Would thy strong, proud heart not wander
Often to my home above!

"Much, Oh! much, I had to ask thee,
Thou, of Earth, — the noblest — best,
Still, I would not overtask thee
Though this heart is craving rest: —
Rest from thinking — rest from dreaming —
Yearning, pouring out its life,
Learning what it would not, seeming
Calm, amid an endless strife.
Dost thou love me? Dost thou? tell it —
In thy sweetest, lowest tone;
And *my* heart shall lisp it, spell it;
Mine? I have no longer one.

"I should blush to speak thus boldly,
Were we not so soon to part,
But, to pause and weigh words coldly,
Is not in my will, or heart: —

Hasten, hasten! time will leave us,
Breathe to me one little word;
Speak! this silence soon will grieve us,
Hope will sicken, if deferred!" —
Turned he then, and gazed upon her,
As he murmured o'er and o'er,
With the glorious smile that won her,
"Heaven, nor man could love thee more."

SONG.

THE married eyes!—the married eyes!

They gleamed amid the festal light;
As constellations light the skies,

Those orbs light up my soul at night!
Their calm, sweet glances fell on me,
As moving to love's minstrelsie,
I wandered through a courtly hall,
Where beauty, wit, had gathered all:
And fairest there among the fair,

And brightest of the dazzling throng,
With bridal roses in her hair,

Stood she, the lady of my song:—
Oh, then I dreamed those eyes might be
The dearest eyes on Earth to me!

The married eyes! the married eyes!

They thrilled me then—they haunt me now,
I feel, I know it was not wise

To watch so long their changeful glow;
But oh! my heart had clung for years,
Through pressing doubts and bitter fears,
To ONE, whom fancy painted bright,
With lip of youth, and smile of light;
'T was she I met—my heart's ideal,

When moving through the mirthful throng:
A vision true, and fair as real—

The lovely lady of my song!—
We met—I learned those eyes might be
No more than other eyes to me!

THE JEWESS.

I SAW her once, once only, when an idle passer by,
As she sat within the twilight of a summer's changing
sky,
Her earnest glance fell on me, as she met my ardent
gaze,
Which breathed the silent homage, that the heart to beauty
pays.

Dark, massy tresses shaded her clear and thoughtful
brow,
Rich Hebrew blood lay cradled on the olive cheek below,
The dewy lips were parted, with a smile so sweetly
glad,
'T was strange that gleam of beauty, should have made my
heart so sad.

But with this glorious daughter of the people God-beloved,
There came a train of visions that my very spirit moved : —
On wings of thought that bore it to a far and ancient
clime,
My dreaming soul fled swiftly with the backward wave of
time.

I saw the lone star-signal, as it blazed upon the night,
When angels to the shepherds sang and chanted their de-
light, —
Beheld the holy mother, as she softly bent to greet,
The wise men, as they worshiped at the infant Savior's
feet.

The stream of blessed Jordan, rolled its peaceful waves
aside,
As the feet of the Messiah pressed its blue and swollen tide;
The skies' bright portals opened, and a voice was heard
to speak,
As the Holy Dove descended on the head of One so meek.

The still and moonlit-garden ! how it rose before my
view,
Where walked the dear Redeemer, with his tried and
chosen few ;

But soon the Heavens were darkened, for the sunlight fled
from Earth,

And Angels vailed their faces, who had shouted at His
birth!

How God-like that forgiveness, as He hung upon the tree,
And His people scoffed and pierced Him, who should have
bent the knee.

* * * * *

Oh! fair and lovely lady, with the tresses like the night,
Thy spirit walks in darkness, amid a blaze of light!

How sad to know thou 'lt wander through this life of shade
and gleam,

That thou wilt even press the marge of death's dark-flow-
ing stream,

Without a ray of starlight, from the golden sphere above,
That gilds, with warmth and beauty, the Christian's world
of love.

Oh! young and lovely lady, this, a stranger's prayer
shall be,

Room! room among the angels! for thy kindred, and for
thee.

"COME AND DWELL BY THE RIVER OF GLADNESS."

COME and dwell by the River of Gladness,
Thou nearest in LOVE and in NAME;
There the clouds that hang heavy with sadness,
Shall silently fade as they came:
No sky is there deeper, or purer
Than the skies that reflect in this stream,
And no bliss is more perfect, or surer
Than that which shall flow as we dream.

I will smile on thee, thou who art dearer
Than sunlight or warmth from above,
And thy soul shall grow brighter and clearer
As I murmur the songs that we love:
I will tell thee some grand, thrilling story,
That resounds through the gray halls of Time,
Till thy bosom shall pant after glory —
Thy spirit respond unto mine.

I will choose, for his virtues, a hero
So strong, and so proud, to endure,
No polished nor blood-loving Nero
Shall reason or fancy allure:
I will twine his bright name with green laurel —
I will crown his great acts with fresh bays,
Till the sea-maiden, stringing her coral,
Shall echo my theme in her lays.

Oh! thy heart is a musical treasure,
Whose melody never is still;
I can touch each sweet chord at my pleasure,
And waken what strain I may will:
Thou shalt weep, if I whisper of sadness —
Thou shalt smile, if I choose to be gay,
Yet still, by our River of Gladness,
The season shall ever be — May!

Thou shalt rest thy dear head on this bosom,
Forgetting all time in its flight;
As a star o'er its favorite blossom,
I'll watch thee through silence and night:
Then the light dews of swift-healing slumber
Shall descend on thy fond, dreaming eyes,
And the cares that thy spirit encumber
Shall vanish like mist from the skies!

THE HAUNTED HEART.



BESIDE the lulling fountains
Of the olden, better clime,
Reclaimed from its brief wanderings here
Along the shores of time—
Unseen of Earth, thy spirit dwells
A mystery sublime!

Oft in the golden starlight,
When silvery dews come showering down,
And shadows glide, with phantom-steps,
Through forests old and brown—
I see thee rise, beneath the skies,
With spotless robe and crown.

I know my soul is haunted
By this phantom, like to thine,—
It comes when all the midnight stars
With piercing splendor shine—
It comes with morning's wavering light
And lays its face to mine.

Mine eyelids cannot slumber
In the chilling depths of night,
For near my restless, dreamless couch,
With eyes transcending light—
The lost one steals in noiselessly
Before my fainting sight!

My heart with sighs is wasted,
For the dead may not return;—
The ashes of past hopes are all
That on life's altar burn—
My soul, like a lone mourner, sits
Within its shattered urn.

The Spring has brought its longings
To each living thing beside,
It only urges on my bark
Where sluggish waters glide—
A fearful stream of many wrecks—
A dark and "nameless tide."

I seem to hear the sounding
Of this dim, yet mighty stream,
While bright, imperishable shapes,
At moments, round me gleam;—
I tread the narrow, winding shores
Like one within a dream.

I know these are but shadows
Of that life which is to be,
When, struggling from its bonds of clay,
The spirit rises free,
To bathe its plumage in the light
Of Immortality!

THE STOLEN MINIATURE.

I'VE stolen your miniature, dearest, and wear it
Hid slyly away in a warm, little place;
No hand from its setting may venture to tear it—
No eye but my own has beheld its bright face;
I took it, one evening, when, kneeling before me,
You vowed that my love was your soul's dearest prize;
The sweetest of feelings stole dreamily o'er me,
As, bending, I read the fond truth in your eyes.

I gaze on your picture, I'm certain, each minute
That we, o'er this absence, are sighing apart;
There surely is magic, or witchery, in it,
For dearer, each moment, it grows to my heart;
You'll wonder, I know, when the likeness was taken,
And doubts of my truth, in your mind, may arise;
Then learn from my lips, ere your faith is quite shaken,
'T was stamped on my heart by the light of your eyes!

SITTING AT THE WINDOW.

I AM sitting at the window—the moon is in the sky,
And the stars with flaming tapers light the palace-roof on
high;
The wind seems whispering to me some gentle, loving
words,
And its voice, among the tree-tops, is as tuneful as a
bird's.

I am sitting at the window—yet my thoughts are far
away,—
To the same sweet air they've floated all the sunny,
summer day;
With the golden sands they've drifted down the pathway
of the hours,
In a gurgle, soft as rivulets, that flow o'er beds of
flowers.

I am sitting at the window, and their burden's still the
same,
They weave, in strains of melody, one well-remembered
name;
They murmur it, and sing it through each channel of
my heart,
With the low and liquid cadence of the minstrel's touching
art.

I am sitting at the window, and I pour out on the
night
Deep fountains of my happiness, whole rivers of de-
light!
All the tender leaves around me bend and tremble to the
breeze,
But the harp within my bosom thrills to lighter touch
than these.

I am sitting at the window, in a holy, blissful dream,
And the thoughts that come to minister, like glorious
angels seen;
They bear me to their heaven on the rose-hue of their
wings,
And point me to the waters of love's never-failing
springs!

I am sitting at the window—a sweet faith within my
soul,

That first in dreamy whispers o'er my doubting bosom
stole;—

Yes, in thy deep devotion, love, I'll fervently believe,
While sitting at the window, on this starry August eve!

WEE WILLIE.

OUR Willie is a little boy,
I do not know a bolder:
And, though his years are scarcely two,
He seems, to us, much older.
He is a famous hand at play,
With horse and whip, or rattle,
And more than half the summer-day,
Delights us with his prattle.

Wee Willie loves the open air,
Far from the dusty city;
And though he's brown as any bun,
To us he's fair and pretty.
We see him, not as others see,
Perhaps, not half so clearly,
Yet, if more beautiful to us,
'Tis—that we love more dearly.

Wee Willie has a little song,
He sings, when he his merry,—
Each small word lingering on his lip,
Like bird upon a cherry.—
He has not learned to utter, yet,
His thoughts, in speech unbroken;
But deepest joy to us they give,
Although but partly spoken.

Wee Willie has some naughty ways,
His warmest friends displeasing,—
Is willful, when his sport is crossed,
And fond of noise and teasing:
But then, he is so small a boy,
We hope, by word and letter,
To teach him, ere he grows a man,
Some gentler ways, and better.

Wee Willie is the last of four,—
The others sweetly slumber;
For counting o'er our little flock,
Three angels now we number:
Three angels gone, and in our hearts
Three wounds, our grief attesting:
And in the churchyard, side by side,
Three little coffins resting.

Wee Willie is our only child,—
Our hope—our bud of brightness;—
He came, a bird, in sorrow's gloom,
With song and smile of lightness;
What wonder, then, that while we love,
It is with fear and trembling,
Lest, in this happy, healthful guise,
Dark Death should be dissembling.

Wee Willie! may that Mighty Arm,
Which guards His children ever,
Give strength unto thy faltering steps,
And to each weak endeavor.
Our FATHER! fill Wee Willie's heart
With thought and purpose holy,
And grant to him that priceless gem—
A spirit meek and lowly.

STANZAS.



I WILL not think, nor ask to know,
That I am loved by thee,
I could not wrong thy nature so,
As dream that this might be:
I would not have the stars to shine
On *one* such hopeless heart as mine,
For freighted Argosy.

I dare not breathe the hopes that rush,
At moments, o'er my soul,
But strive, with woman's strength, to crush
These feelings, as they roll
Like burning lava through each vein,
Still leaving blight, and spot, and stain,
Unheeding all control.

I tremble, when I meet thy gaze,
And droop mine eyes to thine,—
The beaming light of other days,
No more may glance from mine;—
I lay my all of life and love
With my inheritance above,
Upon a broken shrine.

My cheek is pale as winter's snow,
Yet, when I hear thy name,
The hidden fires that burn below
Across my forehead flame!
And though I may not speak of thee,
My ears drink in, with ecstasy,
Thy praise, and *scorn* the blame!

I touched thy hand! and shrunk away,
Lest that slight touch might tell,
The thousand hidden thoughts that lay
Within my bosom's cell;
'T would plunge my soul in darkest night,
To have them rudely dragged to light—
To break their voiceless spell.

The love that I have borne for thee
Is pure as angels' seem;
I spurn the hand would set me free
From chains that brighter gleam,
When closer binding me to *one*,
Who is the light — the glorious sun
Of life's long, heavy dream!

I will not think, nor ask to know
That I am loved by thee,
I could not wrong thy nature so,
As dream that this might be;
I would not have the stars to shine
On *one* such hopeless heart as mine,
For freighted Argosy!

A DREAM OF JENNY LIND.

A DAINY sprite came in the night to me,
As entranced on my couch I lay;
Like the drowsy hum of the minstrel bee,
When wooing the blossoms of May;—
Like the reffluent tones of a wind-swept harp,
That responds to the breeze alway,
Or the musical murmur of distant streams
As a tune to the thrushes they play;—
Were the melodies dropped from its rainbow wings,
While a thousand bright fancies and beautiful things
Sprang up, like the mist, from invisible springs,
Or like stars from the death-bed of day.

It led me afar over mountain and sea,
To a land filled with crystalline light;
Where the Winter-king piled the ice-rocks in his glee,
And the snow-halls enchanted my sight:

There the fountains were frozen, and frost-garlands hung
Round the columns all shrouded in white;
From the steep, glacial hills the low evergreens sprung,
And lances, and stars, and pale snow-blossoms clung
To the fringes so long and so bright.

Fair alcoves were lighted by crystallized gems,
And enwreathed by the feathery frost,
And small leafy shrubs grew on hardy young stems,
Where the voices of waters were lost.

All was still, cold, and breathless, when, swift as a thought,
Through the quick brain of beauty may glide,
A chain of sweet song, most harmoniously wrought,
Unwound its soft links by my side:—

I turned, in my trance, with a far-searching glance,
For the birds that enravished my ear,
While the silvery notes, from their golden-lined throats,
Seemed to float up from sphere unto sphere.

'Twas but for a moment;—the warblings were hushed,
And a voice that an angel might claim,
From the deep heart of silence melodiously gushed,—
Up the silver-keyed octaves triumphantly rushed,—
And died on the breeze as it came.

It woke in an instant ; with resonant tones,
Pierced the dim, winding cloisters around ;
Now exultant and high, now in low sobbing moans,
That opened the heart like a wound.

Harmonious in period — melodious in pause,
It struck all the chords of my soul ;
As it throbbed on the air — as it swayed to the laws
That the “daughters of music” control.

I was lifted from earth on the waves of that song,
And I swam on the stream of that voice ;
A languishing pleasure each fall would prolong,
And each swell made my bosom rejoice : —
As it quivered and shivered, a musical spray,
Like a shower of soft sparkling rain,
Caught my soul in its mist-robcs, and bore it away, —
And I woke with the rapturous pain.

Then I knew that the sprite, in the dead of the night,
Through the pale, shifting realm of our dreams,
Had borne me afar where the white Northern star
In splendor unceasingly gleams : —
That the icy-bound hills, and the still, frozen rills
Held the echoes fast locked in their breast,
That were ’wakened there first, when the “Nightingale” burst
Into song, robbing worlds of their rest !

"I'VE LOVED THEE TOO WILDLY."

I've loved thee too wildly! this thralldom shall cease,
My heart shall know slumber, my soul shall have peace;
The chains which enslaved me—the bonds that I wore
Shall be riven and powerless—I'll love thee no more!
I'll wrest from my bosom each thought that was thine,
And a star shall arise, as thine own will decline,
To beacon me onward, through darkness and pain,
Relighting the spirit that worshiped in vain.

I've loved thee too fondly! the dream shall pass by—
The cistern is broken, the fountain is dry;
And the angel that bent o'er the brink of the wave,
Now weeps in the starlight of love's early grave!
Thy folly, my madness, this heart shall forget!
Though visions of rapture are haunting it yet,—
Though when the winds rustle the sleet in the pine,
I hear, 'mid their music, low voices like thine.

I've loved thee too dearly!—too deep was the spell!
Too crushing the weight of that sorrow which fell
On a bosom, but blind in devotion to thee,
Yet discerning its weakness, resolves to be free!
I know that another engrosses thy thought,
How bitter the knowledge—how painfully taught;
I know that her smiles are far brighter than mine;
May her love prove less wayward—less changeful than
thine.

FLORENCE.

SHE died!—Our souls were pierced, our bosoms rended,
When Death, exultant bore thee from our arms;
How beautiful thy life! how swiftly ended,
Young graceful mistress of a thousand charms!
On thy pure brow, Death's pale, but lovely roses,
Lie in a garland, most divinely fair,
And deep-fringed lids each blue orb half discloses,
As sunshine gilds thy soft and silken hair.

Cold are the lips, oft kissed in deep affection—
The coral gates of mirth, from which, in glee,
Thy tones of music, with their sweet inflection,
Stole in low murmurs of pure melody:
Yet still thy fragments of sweet song, half spoken,
Find lingering echoes in the inmost heart,
While memories of dear ties, now shattered, broken,
Dwell in the soul, like holiness—apart.

How dim the flowers thy hand once loved to gather!

How sad the hours that mark the fading day,
And dark the sunshine, as in wintry weather,

Since thou returned to dust, most lovely clay!
Oh! when at eve, among the green leaves darkling,

The summer insects, like pale lusters, burn;
Or in the tall and dewy grass, are sparkling,
Then missing thee the most, then most we mourn.

When stars march upward in the midnight solemn,

What holy shadows shall watch o'er thy grave,
Though marked by no pale shaft, or lofty column,

The dews will fall—the grass as gently wave.
They've put aside thy empty chair—each treasure
That thrilled thy little heart with conscious pride,
Is hidden from the sight, most fruitless measure—

Each breeze shall whisper, FLORENCE lived, and died.

CORNIE.

THERE is a maiden, arch and fair—
Blue her eyes, and brown her hair—
Lips, that look, when they uncloze,
Like the clefted heart of a crimson rose.

Brilliant blushes stain her cheeks
When our modest CORNIE speaks,
And a dreamy languor lies,
In the starry spheres of her downcast eyes.

CORNIE dances — CORNIE plays —
CORNIE has enticing ways ; —
Lovers whisper — lovers sigh —
And the dangers face which they cannot fly.

Then, she warbles like a fairy,
Or her sister's young canary ;
Free as both, and wilder still,
Than fairy or bird, is her own sweet will.

CORNIE's hands are soft and white —
O'er the keys they fly like light —
At their touch, the silence hushes —
Music from its prison gushes,
And soon from ear to spirit rushes.

CORNIE's step is full of grace —
CORNIE rides a hunter's pace,
And her heart is filled with glee,
With young romance and minstrelsie.

Still, should shape or word of ill
Come between her and her will,
See with what a saucy air,
She pouting murmurs, "I don't care!"

Should the ills of life assail
And hope's cozening flatteries fail,
"I don't care!" — still let this be
Our CORNIE's bright philosophy.

CORNIE! — shy, provoking, teasing —
CORNIE! — sweet, bewitching, pleasing —
They may chide and they may scold you,
But dearer still to heart we'll hold you.

MONODY.

GENERAL S. W. KEARNEY.

THEY have thrown up the earth—they have rent the
green sod,

And have heaped on his bosom the valley's cold clod;—

They have left the strong man in the bonds of the grave,
Whom no chains could enfetter, no foemen enslave:—

And the sword of the hero lies dim in the sheath,
Where it fell from his hand in the shadow of death.

They have wailed him in music—the muffled drum beat,
As he passed to his home through the crowd-heaving
street;

And the trappings of war, with the sable of woe,
Lightly hung o'er the form of the sleeper below:—
Of the good and the brave—of the noble and just,
There remain but a name, and an image in dust!

He has gone from the Earth, in his strength and his
prime,

To the beautiful Land on the borders of Time;
To the land of the Peaceful—the clime of the Blest,
Where the soul of the Hero from battle shall rest;
For ‘he fought his last fight’ as he yielded his breath,
And the victor is known as the Conqueror Death!

Let his name, then, the watchword of Liberty be,
While the blue, red, and white shall wave over the free,
Hang the laurels which fell from his brow in their bloom
On the cloud-piercing shaft that shall point out the tomb
Where the chieftain, who died in the fullness of trust,
Lowly lies in his grave, in a mantle of dust!

THE MAIDEN'S SECRET.

In my heart of hearts,
On its fragrant altar,
There a secret lies
That my lips would falter;
But the sun shines out,
Blinding me with splendor,
When I want a light
That is soft and tender.

In my heart of hearts
There's a treasured feeling,
That my tell-tale eyes
Fain would be revealing;
But if they would speak,
One ever stands before them,
And I dare not lift
The curtains drooping o'er them.

In my heart of hearts
Secretly I tremble,
Yet I dare not sigh:—
Oh! why should love dissemble?
Once, my tongue could speak,
Maiden's never faster,
Now, 'tis dumb or weak—
It has found a master!

In my heart of hearts
Cupid's sly nestling,
Through the rosy hours,
With the rogue I'm wrestling;
Often, when I dream
Hand and foot I've bound him,
Suddenly he bursts
The silken fetters round him.

In my heart of hearts,
I can hold no longer,
That, which, if I bind,
Only grows the stronger:—
Dearest,—I'm in love!
Gladly I reveal it:—
There! my secret's gone!—
Pray, would you conceal it?

LAMENT OF THE OLD YEAR.

“I AM weary and old,” said the dying Year,
As the scepter fell from his shrunken hand;
“One foot on the Earth, and one on the bier,
I go, with a wail for the beautiful here,
To the phantom years in the ghostly land !

“Thought, like a river swift, sweeps o’er me now;
Backward I’m borne to the eve of my birth;
Smooth, then, my wrinkled cheek — spotless my brow;
Stood I with steady hand, laid on the plow,
Ready to furrow the beautiful Earth !

“Then, as I sped along, softly there came
One with a flowing robe, silken and green;
Sweet was her syren-voice — SPRING was her name;
Sunshine or shade, she was ever the same —
Dazzling in beauty, and graceful in mien.

“Bride of my youthful days, gentle and fair,
Low lies thy grave at the portals of Time?
Wrapt in thy shroud of long sunshiny hair,
The hours upborne by the wings of the air,
Entombed thee in love, singing dirges sublime!

“There on thy bosom wan, pulseless and cold,
Lie the three doves at rest, which thou didst bear;
First-born of early love—lambs of our fold,
How, on their scented breath, Death feasted bold!
E’en MAY, the youngest one, fairest, was there!

“Then, as I turned aside, weeping for thee,
Swift came another maid, laughing and bright;
She on my bosom hung, joyous and free,
And, in her dulcet tones, warbled to me—
Pouring her heart out, in strains of delight.

“Bride of my sober prime, faded and gone!
Thou wert to me as a glorious dream!
Love in thy spirit dwelt, free on his throne,
Held by thy ravishing sweetness alone,
’Till thou wert engulfed in Oblivion’s stream!

“Sad, then, my spirit grew—lonely I sighed;
All that I loved on Earth, fled from my view;
SPRING, in her beauty, first mournfully died;
SUMMER I buried, too, close by her side,
Under the boughs of the broad-spreading yew.

“Thin grew my whitened beard — moistened my eye;
Faint was my voice’s tone — languished my heart;
Then in my dreary age, AUTUMN drew nigh,
Like a sweet angel of love from the sky,
Ready to act the Samaritan’s part!

“Yes! she, with Wisdom soothed — cheerful her voice,
Ringing at morn, like a clear matin-bell;
Streams in my SUMMER’s path, seemed to rejoice;
SPRING was my first and my earliest choice,
But AUTUMN I loved with a fervor as well.

“Oft, when the glowing stars — footprints of GOD! —
Lit up the Earth with a holier light,
We o’er each pleasant place, falt’ringly trod,
Wailing the fate of the brown-fading sod
That shrunk from our steps, as if fearing a blight.

“Down by a flashing rill, winding in shade,
Leaping to sunlight in gladness and mirth,
We, in a softened mood, playfully made
A couch, where the streamlet a monody played —
A death-song for one of the brightest of Earth!

“Pale grew the berries red, close at our feet;
Wan looked the waning moon over our head;
Low moaned the hollow winds, wingéd and fleet,
And AUTUMN unfolding her white winding-sheet,
Stern WINTER approached, and enshrouded the dead!

“As I, in voiceless grief, over her hung,
Through her half-frozen lips, broken words came;
Sweeter than all that the minstrel has sung,
The death-stricken accents that fell from her tongue—
For e'en in that hour she was lisping my name!

“Down by her yawning tomb, wrinkled with care,
Cheerless and lone I sat, stricken and old;
While my shrill piping voice poured on the air
Tones like the voice of the specter, Despair!
Calling his flock to their desolate fold!

“Soon did I journey on, leaning the while
Faintly on WINTER's staff, goaded by him;
Ne'er on my shriveled lips, glimmered a smile;
Wearily traveled we, many a mile,
The sun growing dark, and the stars shining dim.

“Through the old forests vast, leafless and brown,
Fled we the sickle keen, wielded by Time;
Thus ever reapeth he, that which is sown,
Plucking the fruits which another hath grown,
Golden sheaves binding in every clime.

“Down by the blackened stream, flowing from death,
Sit I, with folded hands waiting my doom;
Numb are my aged limbs—frozen my breath;
Soon shall the pearl-berried mistletoe wreath
Twine its green arms round the parted Year's tomb!”

Thus sighed the dying Year, palsied and old ;
Feeble and few grew the words that he spoke ;
Twelve had the bell, with its iron tongue, told,
When Time, in his office, grown fearless and bold,
With sharp-whetted scythe, cut him down at a
stroke.

THE CITY AT TWILIGHT.

THE day is over, and the twilight dim,
Along the western hills serenely glides;
The city's heart sends up a vesper hymn,
As through its arteries roll the living tides!

Here, at the casement, where I lean and gaze
Down on the crowd, now hurrying to and fro,
I seek to thread the many-tangled maze,
Where life's deep joys are crossed by deeper woe.

This breeze, that sweeps the curls from beauty's cheek,
Toys with death's banner on the silent door;
The high and low, the strong of heart, and weak,
Walk side by side, as did their sires of yore.

Here, one moves quickly, with a smiling face,
Whose thoughts fly home, and leave his steps behind;
Beside him, reeling, with a drunkard's pace,
Stalks one whose murmurings vex the guiltless wind.

While stepping lightly o'er the stony streets —
His ear as deaf, his heart as hard and cold,
The man of pride and riches harshly greets
The poor, whose palms ne'er felt the weight of gold.

Yon path leads onward to the house of prayer,
But few the willing feet that walk therein;
While near, wild curses fill the shrinking air,
Poured out by wretches steeped in vice and sin!

Oh! who may tell how many struggling souls
Have wandered hopeless through the city's maze,
Ere plunging darkly where yon river rolls,
Which wraps them closely from the scorner's gaze.

Oh! who may tell how oft, with heavy heart,
The dreaming sculptor trod this weary pave,
Who, praise to one, pursues his god-like art,
Where Florence slumbers by the Arno's wave!

Here, the first fire was kindled in his breast;
These skies looked down and lent their holy light,
When first his chisel broke the marble's rest,
And genius dawned in its creative might!

And other spirits, noble, just, and kind,
Have first awakened, suffered here, and died;
Their sparks flown upward to the Eternal Mind,
Their ashes resting in the church-yard wide!

A tearful mist has gathered o'er my eyes,
I see no more the faces of the throng;
The stars shine softly in the far-off skies,
And voices clamor for an evening song!

Dear children! it were sad to sing or sigh,
These strains to you who are so fair and bright;
May angels come with holier lullaby,
And close your eyelids—with a sweet good night!

SONG OF THE MADMAN.



“It was summer! it was summer!
The green earth was gay;
The wild buds and blossoms
Sprang up in our way:
And the leaves lay together
Upon their young boughs,
And whispered, like lovers,
When breathing their vows:—
And I whispered with them,
And shouted in glee,
As the breeze fluttered lightly
From blossom to tree;—
For I rode on its pinions,
And mounted in air,—
My kingdom, fair Freedom—
My bondman, Despair!

“What feverish joy then rushed over my soul,
As deeply I drank from its rosy-wreathed bowl;—
The strength of the whirlwind I held in my hand,
And longed to kneel down on the white, shelly strand,
And hurl back the waves, as they leaped to the shore,
Or play with the ocean, and mimic its roar!

“I was mad! I was mad! but they knew it not then,
For I laughed and discoursed with their wise, prudent
men,
And knelt at the feet of the sirens of song,
But I yelled with delight when I stole from the throng,
For I knew I deceived them, with word and with
smile—

That they bowed in their pride to insanity’s wile!
I was mad! I was mad! but my spirit was gay;
I rode with the wind through the long summer day,
For I followed a demon wherever he led,
And at midnight—at midnight!—we danced with the
dead!

“Oh! a host of white things, with their hideous charms,
Come and rock me at eve in their skeleton arms;
They shriek in my ear—and then laugh at my pain,
While their fierce, scorching eyes burn deep in my brain!
Then we hurry away through the damp, yielding sward,
And rouse up the ghosts in the merry churchyard.

“Ha, ha, ha! come along,
With the death-dance and song;—
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew,
We have brave time o’ nights,
By the bright charnel-lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew!

“I will show you the spot where a maiden sleeps,
For the long grass is greenest there,
And over her head a willow, willow weeps,
Like a mourner in deep despair!

“Oh! they laid her low,
With her young bosom’s snow,
When the hoar frost was white on the ground,
When the winds, bleak and cold,
And the trees, dark and old,
Were moaning and shrieking around.

“But the spring stole along,
And the robin’s blithe song,
Floated out through the churchyard’s gloom,
Then the young violets came
And they wove her sweet name,
With their blossoms above her tomb.

“They said that she loved — that she perished with grief;
I know she was mad! and that death was relief:
We are wedded! we are wedded! by our madness allied,
And I pine to fall asleep by my beautiful bride.

“Ha, ha, ha! come along!
With the death-dance and song;
Thus I sing to my merry, merry crew;—
We have brave time o’ nights,
By the bright charnel-lights,
As we tread down the turf and the dew!”

THE LAST BLOSSOM.

Was it a dream? I thought we followed slowly
A solemn train that moved among the dead,
And then with dirge and prayer, we laid one lowly,
An earthy pillow for her baby head.

Was it a dream? ye lay so close together,
Sweet blossoms, blooming once within our home!
Abandoned, now, to brave the wintry weather,—
Why from our sheltering bosoms did ye roam?

Earth gave no sign of sorrow—Heaven no token,
When ye who made life's darkest moments day,
Stole from our arms, and left our spirits broken,
To watch, in grief, above the soulless clay.

For what to Earth, our great and common Mother,
Are little ones, like ye, in life or death ?
She claims us all — we follow one another,
As Autumn-gales rush after Summer's breath.

But ye went early to her sacred keeping,
Young dwellers of the blissful climes serene ;
In vain the torturing sigh, the bitter weeping,
When Death came in our harvest-field to glean.

The mournful moon hangs midway from the arching
Of Heaven's fair brow, in yonder blue domain ;
And side by side, the solemn stars are marching,
Like dazzling mutes in a funereal train.

Thou dreary night !—thine airy shades are haunting
The deepening twilight of a lonely breast ;
And ghostly fingers, to unearthly chanting,
Unlock the past, where joys have gone to rest !

The murderous Past !—mine eye in grief is dwelling
On tablets reared by Memory's soothing hand,
To mark the spot where little graves are swelling,
Whose verdure brightens all that gloomy land.

'Tis there *she* rests, who fell asleep in beauty,
The last to leave us with our weight of woe:—
No voice may chide affection's mournful duty,
Weep! then, sad eyes, and let the drops o'erflow.

My heart is burdened with the recollection
Of all her loveliness, and gentle ways;
The broken words, that fell with deep reflection,
The winning sweetness of her earnest gaze!

Her little hands, oft filled with summer roses,
Have, like the flowerets, crumbled in decay;—
Thus each new year, bud after bud uncloses,
Lives out its bloom, and quickly fades away.

Is it for this, I cried, with frantic weeping,
That we must bear, through all the coming hours,
The woes unutterable—the fears, unsleeping,
With which we watch and nurse these human flowers?

No, in that stream, that rushes, rushes ever,
With eagle-swiftness down the vale of years,
Whose waves flow on, and on, returning never,
I cast these phantoms of my griefs and tears!

With that dear faith which fills the blind and lonely,
Who, tottering, stand upon the brink of death;
With resignation such as God gives only,
I will believe and hope, unto my latest breath!

THE DESERTED MANSION.

'T WAS in my earlier years, when jocund youth
Leaped ever on, with timbrel, dance and song!
When that which is not, yet resembles truth,
Enslaves the heart with many a wizard throng;
When all without, is colored from within,
And gorgeous tints, like woven rainbows span
The far horizon of the child of sin,
Ere it has learned, in tears, the history of Man!

'T WAS in those joyous hours, my steps were led
By curious fancies, to a mansion old;
Whose builder, long had fraternized the dead —
Whose hearth had long been desolate and cold:
The hard, gray granite crowned its outward wall,
All bearded o'er by moss and churchyard mould;
And like Death's sightless eyes, the windows tall,
Stared from their crumbling frames — the worms had
grown so bold!

'T was but a stone's throw from the noisy street,
Yet silence brooded o'er its chambers dim;
The distant sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
Seemed like a river's low continual hymn.
A wilderness of weeds, and shrubs, and flowers,
And trailing tendrils of the affluent vines,
Hid the low entrance to the latticed bowers,
And wreathed, with garlands gay, the dark majestic
pines.

The hinges rusted on the iron gate,
And creaked dissent, as with my childish hand
I shook the bars of that lone prison-grate,
Amid a falling shower of lime and sand.
The damp, old pavement, sent an icy chill
Through every fiber of my buoyant frame;
As with a shivering awe, I crossed the sill,
Upon whose lintel quaint, was carved a date and
name.

There was a rustle in the dingy hall,
That stayed my feet and made my heart throb sore—
'T was but the paper hanging from the wall,
The breeze had fluttered through the opening door:—

Again, I startled at the echoing sound
Of each light step, fresh planted on the stair,—
Pale ghosts and shadows seemed to creep around,
And all my childhood's fears took form, and met me
there.

Then, thus I thought, "the door is opened wide,
The fearless sunbeams dance upon the floor;
What if the wicked, here untimely died,
The grave is deep—the dead return no more!"
Then with fresh courage tingling through my veins,
I swiftly mounted the old oaken stair,
Nor paused but once, to brush some cobwebbed panes,
That looked abroad for miles upon a landscape rare.

At length I came unto a chamber hung
With faded paper, stained by damp and time,
The bloated spider to the cornice clung—
The single watcher o'er that scene of crime.
The story was an old familiar tale,
Told in the nursery to infant ears;—
How oft I've seen the little cheeks grow pale,
At the accursed words that tortured their young
years.

The last dark owner of that ruined place,
Had squandered health and wealth, and friendship's
truth ;
His hand smote dead the nearest of his race —
His love had withered up a maiden's youth.
At length the fiend that lurks within the bowl,
Rose up one night beside his lonely bed,
And boldly claimed the wretched madman's soul, —
And in a pool of blood, the morning found him dead !

There stood the bed, for none might seek that room ;
The heir, a child, was in a distant land ;
Around, the tell-tales of his fearful doom
Were careless strewed, by his own dying hand !
And on a table nearest to the couch,
One glittering object, 'midst the dimness lay,
Long, long I looked, at length I dared to touch —
Oh ! God of sinless hosts ! do sons of darkness
pray ?

It was a cross, of finest, purest gold,
Linked to a chain of long, dark, braided hair ;
The sacred symbol of those griefs untold,
Which, for our sake, the Son of God did bear !

A cross of gold! and worn, perchance, by one
Who loved not wisely, in her woman's trust:—
Peace to her heart! for years the stars have shone
Where cross and braided hair, lie buried with her
dust.

A WORD TO POETS.



POETS! one and all, come listen,
Stifle down your burning wrath,
Though your eyes with anger glisten,—
Keep within the beaten path!

If your God-like gifts should urge you
To be free in your domain,
Thousand critic-tongues shall scourge you,
Till your soul shall shriek with pain.

In that green and lovely valley,
Watered by the streams of song,
Where the winds and roses dally;—
In the highway, move along.

What if aught should cloud your vision
In that worn and dusty road?
Travel with a just precision—
Or behold the lash and goad!

Turn not down the by-paths, winding
By the cooling stream, or wood,—
Here, the law is strictly binding,
And you dare not, if you could!

Go not near the mountain ranges—
Look not in the azure lake—
There's a sneer for all the changes,
Which your spirits free, might make.

Let no viol, lute nor tabor,
Lure you to unmeasured strains,
Lest you cause your right-hand neighbor
Worse than purgatorial pains!

For his ears, low walls of marble,
Never yield an echoing sound,
And a bird's delicious warble,
Might his sense of music wound!

Be not over wise nor witty,
Dullness is your safest plan;
Breathe no love in song or ditty —
See no visions, if you can: —

Or they'll lay their heads together,
And they'll wonder what it means,
And they'll strive to find out whether
Most tow'rds THIS or THAT, it leans!

Then they'll stare at you with wonder!
Crying softly, oh! — alas! —
Till their tones, like whispered thunder,
Shake your spirits as you pass!

You may never, like the Painter,
Give your haunting thoughts a form,
Or your heart may grow yet fainter
As reviewers louder storm!

For in each and every picture,
They will surely, swiftly trace,
With their scornful laugh and stricture,
Some resemblance to your face!

Poets ! walk, I pray, with meekness,
Fold your hands with downcast look,
And never, never ! have the weakness,
If you write—to print a book !

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

HARK! a solemn bell is pealing
From the far-off spirit clime;
Angel-forms, expectant, kneeling
On the outer shores sublime,
Hither turn their eyes of splendor,
Piercing through the mists of Time!

Thou art faintly, sadly sighing,
Voyager, through time, with me;
Can it be thou'rt sinking, dying?
Can it be that I am free?
Free to drink in life immortal,
Unrestrained now by thee?

Yes! thine earthly days are numbered,—
Yet thou'rt clinging round me still;
Still my drooping wings are cumbered:—
By thy weak and fleshly will:—
Gently, thus I loose thy claspings,
Wishing thee no further ill!

Though I've often bent upon thee
 A rebuking spirit's gaze,
 When thy spell was fully on me,
 In our early, youthful days,
 Sore and loth I am to leave thee,
 Treading Death's bewildering maze!

All of enmity is banished,
 As I hear thee moaning low,
 Pride and beauty have so vanished,
 Nothing can revive them now, —
 See the hand of Death triumphing,
 In the dew's upon thy brow!

Ah! thy heart is faintly tolling
 Like a closely-muffled bell;
 And the purple rivers rolling
 'Neath thy bosom's gentle swell,
 Flow like waters, when receding
 From a thirsty, springless well.

What a weight is on thy bosom, —
 What a palsy in thy hand?
 Thus was chilled fair Eden's blossom —
 Thus, at Death's august command,
 All of human birth and nurture,
 Shuddering, in his presence stand!

Let me, through thine eyelids closing,
 Look once more upon the Earth;
 There thou soon wilt be reposing,
 Borne away from home and hearth,
 Where thy footsteps once were greeted
 By the joyful sounds of mirth.

Hark! what organ-tones are swelling
 Through the spirit-realm on high;
 Ransomed souls are sweetly telling
 Of the joys beyond the sky!
 Let me linger here no longer,
 When the Heavens are so nigh!

Loved companion! thus we sever,—
 Our short pilgrimage is done;
 We shall re-unite forever,
 Travel-stained and weary one,—
 When the voice of God Eternal,
 Wakes the dead with trumpet-tone!

DIRGE.

J. Q. ADAMS.

SOLEMN tolled the "passing-bell:"
Gates of death were lifted high—
Dirges in an anthem-swell,
Rose from troubled Earth to sky.

Poet, veil thy crownéd head!
Statesman, droop thy lofty brow!
Like a widow o'er her dead,
Bends a weeping nation now.

Torn from human hopes and tears,
ONE, a country's lawful pride,
Gray in glory! gray in years!
Nobly lived — most nobly died!

On the field where he had fought,
 Battling for the wronged — oppressed ;
Where his noblest deeds were wrought —
 There he fell, in armor dressed.

Lay his helmet by his side —
 Write "Salvation unto man,"
On the circlet, true and tried,
 That a world may read the plan.

"Sword of Spirit!" take thy rest —
 Palsied now the wielder's arm ;
"Shield of Faith," upon his breast,
 Death, his soul might not alarm.

Never more, shall home or hall
 Yield an echo to his voice ;
Never more! shall freemen's call
 Make his Patriot-heart rejoice.

Great in council! gray in years!
 On the field of his renown,
He, despite a nation's tears,
 Laid his costly laurels down.

Solemn tolled the "passing-bell," —
Gates of death were lifted high —
Dirges in an anthem-swell,
Rose from troubled earth to sky.

Poet, vail thy crownéd head —
Statesman, droop thy lofty brow —
Like a widow o'er her dead,
Bends a weeping nation now.

DEATH OF THE NAMELESS.

IN a dream, in a dream,
By the cool, glimmering stream,
 Her pillow, moss only,
She lay, all white and fair,
With dead flowers in her hair,
 Still, still, and lonely.

Was it sleep? was it sleep?
With its dreams, dark and deep,
 Which thus, o'ercame her?
With her small, snowy hands,
And long hair in raven bands,
 How shall we name her?

O'er the robes, thin and white,
That shrouded form so slight,
 The wood-snail was creeping;
On the cheek, wan and clear,
There hung a piteous tear,—
 As if she were weeping.

Shut, shut, beneath the skies,
Were her soft gleaming eyes,
 The lids drooping over,—
Her sleep was deep and sound,
On the damp, chilling ground;
 Where was her lover?

Above her, leaves were stirred,
For *there*, a little bird,
 In sunshiny weather,
Had built a nursing nest,
And the brood, beneath its breast,
 Nestled together.

Still, still, and motionless!
Yielding us no caress,
 Her white arms were folded;—
Thick strewn along the way,
Dark-colored berries lay
 Where they had moulded.

Low, on her mossy bier,
Long had she lain, we fear,
 The stones were not colder,
Down in the glassy stream,—
Nor did so whitely gleam
 To the beholder.

Bright in her loneliness!
Whom did her beauty bless?
 What reft her of reason?
Gave she her heart to one
Who some foul wrong had done?
 Was it love's treason?

Loved she as one we know,
Whose life is ebbing slow,—
 Whose love unrequited
Flows back upon the heart
With a dull pain and smart,—
 Slighted, *all* slighted!

Thus much is all we know,
Here, in her voiceless woe,
 The green leaves around her;
Making no moan or 'plaint,
Calm, lovely as a saint—
 Death came and found her!

OH! MIGHT I POUR MY SOUL IN SONG.

OH! might I pour my soul in song
When kneeling at thy feet;
Or snatch, from Heaven's immortal throng,
A strain thine ear to greet,—
My voice should steal across thy breast
In low, Elysian tones,
Breaking the fountains of thy rest,
To sweet melodious moans!

As sunshine fills the Earth with light,
This heart is filled by thee!
Thy love can make the darkest night
A kindling day for me!
Thou hast the god-like power to bless
With word, and look, and smile;
While spells of melting tenderness
My every sense beguile!

Could I but hope, our plighted souls,
 When loosened from this clay,
 (Which now our every thought controls),
 Might gently soar away,
 And circling round yon worlds of light
 Which through the darkness shine,
 Forget their all of earthly blight, —
 What heaven of hope were mine!

Oh! may I never, never rise
 From this entrancing dream;
 But gazing thus, within thine eyes,
 Meet death upon that stream
 Which flows in silence toward the shore,
 Whose brightness lures us home;
 And when my steps are safely o'er,
 I'll whisper thee to come!

PARTING:

COME and lean once more above me,
Lay your hand upon my heart;
Tell me truly, as you love me,
Must we tear our souls apart?

If the wounded thing should flutter
Wildly, like a prisoned bird,
As my quivering lips would utter
All life's bitter in that word,—

If its fierce, unequal beating,—
If its wavering throbs should cease,
And these burning waves retreating,
Ne'er should sob again for peace—

You might dream what it hath cost me,
With your hand above the pain,—
Though you'd murmur, "this, if lost me,
I am free to love again!"

Oh! how often in my anguish,
Shall I o'er and o'er repeat—
As the weary moments languish—
All the words you've made so sweet!

All the wooing words of lovers—
Fluent, murmurous as a stream,
Or the trembling breeze that hovers
O'er the flowerets, as they dream!

Musing on your sweet caresses,
With mine eyes shut to the day,
E'en the very air that blesses,
Heavy-freighted, moves away:—

Heavy-freighted with my sighing,
As I turn to clasp your hand;
Or to list for low replying,
Where I fondly dream you stand;

Oh! belovéd! as you leave me,
Turn your sorrowing eyes on mine,
Never fear that they will grieve me,
For my full heart craves a sign:—

Sign or token that you love me
With a passion deep and strong;
That you'll love none else above me,
Though it were the queen of song!

That you'll prove as true as Heaven,
Or as seasons to the year,
Whose chariot-hours, by angels driven,
Course this round revolving sphere!

Come once more, and leaning o'er me,
Print your kisses on my brow;—
Were the gates of death before me,
Gladly would I enter now!

TO —, GREETING:

DEAR Friend! if to this touching name,
Thy heart will answer mine,—
We'll light a bright and steady flame
Upon love's sacred shrine;
And fan the pure Promethean fire,
Till sparks shall upward spring;
While, bending thus, above my lyre,
My soul shall gladly sing!

'Tis not that thou art wiser far
Than others of thy race,
That I have chosen for my star
Thy radiant, speaking face;
'Tis not that thou hast bent the knee
At shrine of saint and sage,
Or made thy name and fame to be
The wonder of an age:—

'Tis not, that an applauding world
With laurel-wreath or crown
Awaits, with banners broad, unfurled,
To mark thy triumphs down —
That I have loved thee with a love,
Surpassing deep, my friend,
Which, through all ills and woes, shall prove
Unchanging to the end.

'Tis that thy nature's noble — pure,
Thine aim and purpose high;
That sin might strive as well to lure
A seraph from the sky,
As tempt thee from the path of right,
Or taint thy soul with wrong;
Thou who in virtue's heavenly light,
Hast walked in peace so long.

I know thy generous breast is filled
By clear exalted truth;
In goodness that thou'rt rarely skilled,
And fresh in hope and youth;
I know thy heart vibrates alone —
Thy pulse keeps time to mine;
The dearest prize my soul may own,
Is friendship such as thine!

By all the shining, fleeting hours
That bore us down life's stream,
Distilling perfume like the flowers
At early morning's beam,
I charge thee, never to forget!
But daily, at the shrine
Which in our secret souls is set,
To mingle faith with mine!

By all the moments of delight
That throng the whispering past;
By all the stars that burned so bright
On eves too sweet to last,—
I bid thee hold within thy breast,
One dear remembrance given,
To light us to the shores of rest—
The holier bliss of Heaven!

THE DEAD YEAR,

1849.



DEAD and gone!—
Dead and gone!—"Ah! woe is me!"
Tears are flowing plenteously;
And a sighing, piteous moan,
Like the wind's low sobbing tone,
Is thrilling—thrilling ever.
Comes the wailing, woeful sound,
From the caverns under ground—
From the mountains and the valleys—
From the city's darker alleys
And from the level river!

Toll the bell!

Toll the bell, for the OLD YEAR—

For the heavy-burdened seer—

He, whose great prophetic breast

Knew no Sabbath-day of rest,

Until his doom was spoken:

To whom no balm was given,

For no solace under Heaven

Might his earthly children bring

To this weak and aged king,

Who went to death heart-broken!

Toll the bell!

Let it toll for every woe

That the arrow of his foe—

Ghastly, cruel archer, Death,

Of the pestilential breath,—

Implanted in his bosom!

Let it toll for every groan—

Every anguished sigh and moan—

For the rust upon the sheaf—

For the mildew on the leaf—

For the blight on human blossom!

Toll the bell —

Let it knell

For the shining ones who fell,

Living holy — loving well : —

For dimpled hands and faces,

And thousand ideal graces,

Which lovingly did linger

Around the angel-hearted,

Who came, but soon departed,

Like frail lilies from the wave,

Or spring-blossoms from a grave,

At touch of deathly finger !

Toll the bell ! —

Let it knell for him ⁽²⁾ who died,

In his own consuming pride,

With his scorn for man half told —

With his errors manifold —

How fatal was life's story !

Yet no song-inspired mortal,

That e'er sat at Eden's portal,

Rapt and ravished with the singing

Of the angels near him winging,

Surpassed his strains in glory !

Let him rest! —
Let him rest by lost "Lenore!" —
All his love—his frenzy o'er. —
All the agonies repress
In his proud upheaving breast;
The dreams no man might number;
The phantom forms around him —
The "chains that darkly bound him," —
With the passion and the fire,
Of his shattered, songless lyre,
All wrapt in hopeless slumber!

Toll the bell! —
Let it toll, for one ⁽³⁾is dead
Who his hapless brother fed;—
But the fame we may not give,
In his charities shall live,
Which countless were, as holy;—
Oh! fearful, tearful mystery,
Enshrouding death's dark history,
Tell how, by "horror haunted,"
He fled, like one enchanted,
From goading melancholy!

Lo, he sleeps !

Lo, he sleeps amid the waves —
Saddest place for human graves ;
And the waters, — all unheeding
The broken hearts and bleeding,
Have closed o'er him forever —
Enthroned in heavenly places,
The angels veiled their faces ;
And piercing tones of sorrow,
From midnight unto morrow,
Swept o'er the cruel river.

Toll the bell !

Let it tell

Of the beautiful at rest —
Of the coffin's fearful guest —
Of Love's blighted buds at birth —
Of the sorrowing ones of Earth —
Of crimes and horrors hidden : —
But what iron tongue shall toll,
In the prison of that soul,
Where, on black and dreary nights,
Every thought that man affrights,
Steals in, like sin, unbidden !

Woe is me!

Woe is me! thou perished year,
Lying stiffly on thy bier;—
How like Banquo's ghost thou art,
With the gashes near thy heart,
 Red wounds which knew no curing!
What a lesson was thy life,
To the latest, keenest strife!
Thus, a heart, whose hopes are gone,
Strives to "brokenly live on,"
 Still smiling—still enduring.

In the grave—

In the grave of thousand years,
Thou art laid among thy peers,
With the corpses of the hours
That have vanished like the flowers,
 On thy dead bosom lying;
On his throne of ebony,
By a black oblivious sea,
Sits thy gaunt and ruthless foe,
Watching eagerly the flow
 Of waters o'er the dying!

Fare ye well!—

Other sounds are on the breeze;
Like the surging of the seas
Is the pealing of the bells
That the NEW YEAR's dawning tells:

What joy is in their ringing!
Be ye temperate, oh Earth,
In the seasons of your mirth,
Lest the evil days draw nigh,
And the mourner's wailing cry
Follow fast the carol-singing:—

Lest the bell,
With its knell,
And its moaning fall and swell,
Should, with iron clangor, tell
That across the fruitful land,
And along the ocean strand,
The pestilence is winging!

NOTES.

(1) "KORNI," a poem written by "Phazma," (the late M. C. Field), a month or two previous to his death; in which "Korni" is represented as a Polish wife grieving over the visible decline of her husband. The poem was a picture, drawn by himself, of his own approaching fate, and in which the great anguish of parting was powerfully and beautifully depicted.

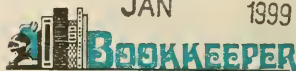
(2) EDGAR A. POE, author of the "Raven," "Lenore," and other poems, which will live so long as there are pure and elevated spirits to admire them—died at Baltimore, at the close of the year 1849.

(3) JAMES H. PERKINS, the benevolent and true-hearted philanthropist, who, it was supposed, in a moment of temporary aberration of mind, drowned himself in the Ohio river, December 14th, 1849.

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